MABEL NORMAND'S OWN STORY OF THE SHOOTING

MovieWeekly

February 9, 1924

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Why Women don't like Over-attentive Men

Mary Pickford gives advice to Screen Struck Girls

Betty Compson

Photo by ERNEST H. MILLS

Vol. IV No. 1

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Coming

Rudy Will Write It

In our special Double Number of February 23rd, we take pride in announcing that Rudolph Valentino's own story of his recent trip abroad will be commenced, in which the popular screen star will tell just what happened during his journey to London, to Paris and to his own home town of Castellaneta, Italy.

This Issue

Will contain, in addition to the Valentino story, the commencement of a graphic real life story called "The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor."

In this absorbing narrative, our readers will find disclosed the intimate details of a screen actor's life—and loves.

As Well As

A completely new programme of news and pictures on the screen plays and players of moviedom.

Watch for our Double Number.

It will be on the newsstands February 21st.

DON'T MISS IT!

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("All manuscripts and drawings submitted for consideration are sent at owner's risk.")

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Mabel NORMAND'S own story of the Shooting

Popular screen comedienne issues statement to the _public_ regarding the _New Year's_ party at which a _wealthy clubman_ was shot

As reported by Grace Greenwood

MABEL NORMAND, beloved film comedienne, whose chauffeur, Joe Kelly, —or Horace Greer,— shot Mabel's friend, Courtland S. Dines, in Dines' apartment, during the course of a New Year's party at which Edna Purviance was also present, is asking that the censors and her many friends in the world of film fans do not condemn her unheard. Through her attorney, she has issued the following statement from her bed at the hospital, where she went to undergo an operation two days after the dramatic shooting:

"I feel that I am particularly unfortunate in reaping most of the publicity in this terrible near-tragedy. I am absolutely blameless in the matter and it is unjust of the censors or anyone else to condemn me before they have heard my story.

"I was packing the trimmings of the Christmas tree in my home on New Year's Day, when Edna Purviance, my friend, called me up and invited me to the apartment of Courtland Dines. I went to his apartment and was there but forty-five minutes when my chauffeur entered and began shooting. No one was more shocked than I at the sound of the shots. I could not conceive for the moment what had happened. I rushed out and Dines said, 'I am plugged.'

"I cannot conceive, either, why my chauffeur should have taken the revolver. I cannot conceive why he should have the audacity to enter my bedroom and take it. No one ever asked him to do it. I called for him to come only that he might bring Mr. Dines his Christmas present, a pair of military brushes.

"Mr. Dines got to kidding about Christmas presents and he said jokingly that I hadn't given him anything. I told him that Santa Claus had left his present on the radiator at my home and that I would have Joseph bring it over. You see, I knew my chauffeur only as Joseph Kelly.

"I do not believe that Joseph had any attachment for me. I never noticed anything about him except that he always said 'Yes, ma'am' or 'No, ma'am,' was always very submissive, and always willing to do anything around the house.

"We were having a quiet little visit with each other. I telephoned, as he says, but I did not know he had the gun until he fired three shots. Even then I did not recognize it as my automatic.

"THERE was nothing in any way wrong at the apartment. There was nothing like a party such as seems to be the impression. We were just three friends having a quiet little visit with each other just as any other three might do.

"Because he fired those shots, it seems to me as though every censor in the country wants to ban my pictures. Because this man, whom I had every reason to believe was just an ordinary chauffeur—he came highly recommended by an automobile concern and by others for whom he worked—because this man, I say, went out of his head, I have to pay the penalty.

"I appeal to the sense of justice and fair play of the American people. All I ask is the chance to show that I am innocent of any wrong-doing.

"It may be asked why I retained Milton Cohen as my lawyer. It may be said that if I have told the truth I do not need an attorney. I have asked Mr. Cohen to represent me because it seems that everybody in the world wants to see me, wants me to tell the story over and over again—newspaper men, detectives, amateur detectives, officials and merely curious people. I am sick in bed and I cannot see them myself. (*Continued on page 29*)

"I feel that I am particularly unfortunate," said "*Miss Normand*," "in reaping most of the publicity in this terrible near-tragedy. I am absolutely blameless in the matter, and it is unjust of the censors or anyone else to condemn me before they have heard my story."

Mary Pickford, **screen star, considered by many to be the best loved girl in the world.**

Mary PICKFORD

Most popular aspirants **just what ing *film career*. "If away from *Holly-***

By Grace

EVERY girl in the world is more or less movie mad—every girl from fifteen to forty—except perhaps "the sisters and the cousins and the aunts" of picture players, who know what the game means.

That is the testimony of a well-known motion picture casting director of Hollywood.

"I know a bright, pretty, attractive girl, a sister of a near-star," he explained, "who is a stenographer. She has a fine position as private secretary. I asked her one day if she didn't want to go into pictures. She wanted to know the chances for getting on. When I told her, she answered, quite calmly, a firm 'no.' She said she made more money and had less grief than she would have if she went into pictures with the chances I had described to her. She makes about $150 a month, but she makes that sum regularly, can calculate on what to do with her money, doesn't need an exorbitant amount for clothes, takes no chances of life, health or limb, and is really happy. Her sister, on the other hand, a brilliant, talented girl who has been in the business about eight years, but has never become a star, principally because she isn't the baby doll type, for she is a fine actress, worries along on leads at a good fat salary—when she works! But sometimes it is months between pictures for her, and then, as she graphically describes it, 'she wears her purse in a sling.' Her sister has saved more money than she has, though she scorns any salary less than $250 per week, while sister earns $150 per month. Sister has saved money, but the near-star has nothing. She must have clothes when she goes to public cafes or private parties. She must maintain a fine car. She has many calls for charity. And, moreover, all her poorer relatives feel at liberty to call on her for financial aid. So there you are."

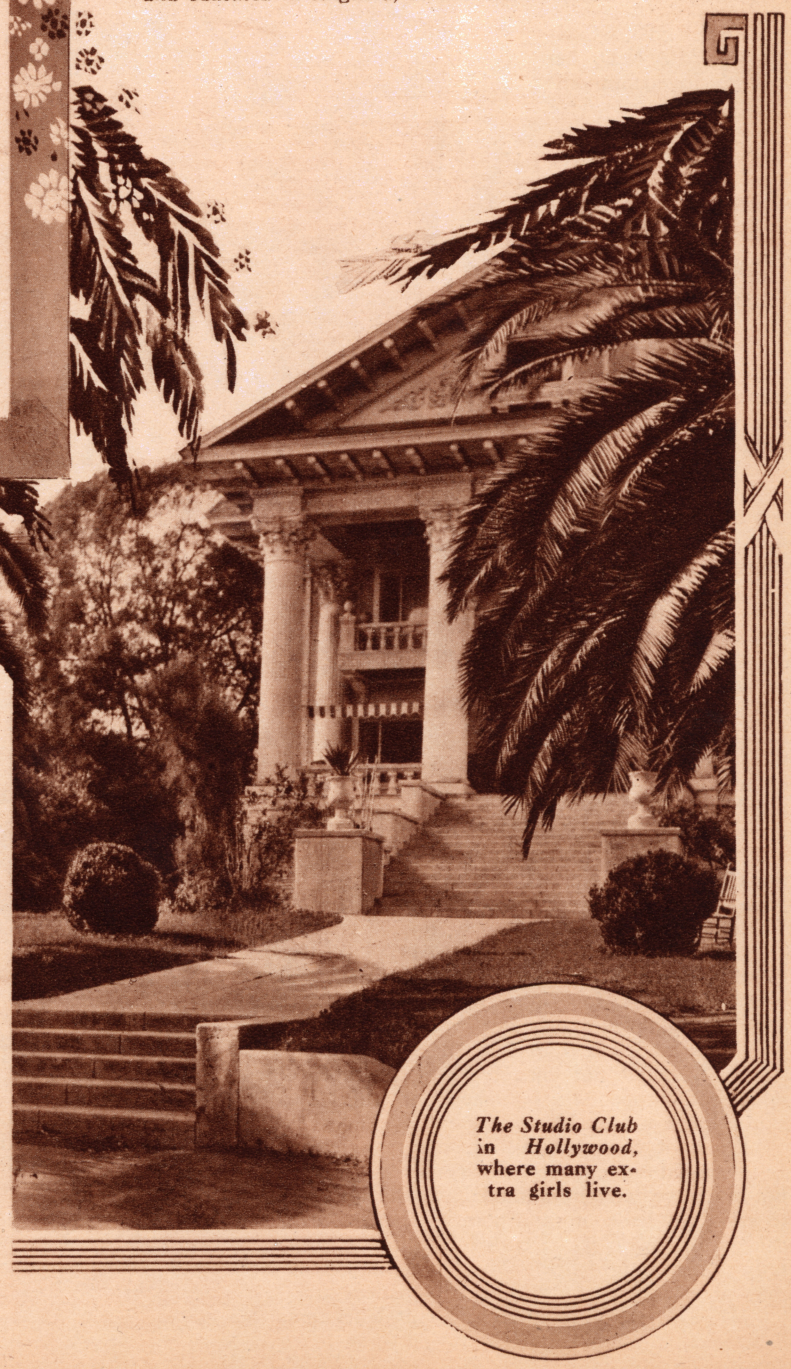
There I was, indeed.

But about the foreigners who wanted to come to our shores, to go into the movies.

"Oh, those," he said, "well, principally they write letters to us. But we did have one very smart English girl from South Africa, who had traveled all that distance for the purpose of getting into pictures. She was beautiful and cultured and traveled. Her father was a diamond merchant in South Africa. But the last I heard of her she was playing extra along with hundreds of less fortunately endowed girls. I would have bet on her rising in the business, for she had brains as well as beauty, but she must have muffed it somehow. Maybe she gave up, I don't know, and got too discouraged to go on.

"I have had several letters from Japanese girls, who were encouraged, I suppose, by the success of the Hayakawas, but I have discouraged these, and have not heard from any of them a second time.

"SEVERAL Spanish beauties have written me—in Spanish, which I had to get translated. Of course I discouraged these—in English! The French girls don't seem to be so movie-struck, I don't know why, unless it is the cloistered life the more carefully brought up lead, and also the fact that the French are rather fiercely jealous of American pictures. Of course, there was Andree Lafayette, but she was brought up and educated in England, so she doesn't count. Of course the



The Studio Club **in *Hollywood*, where many extra girls live.**

gives advice to Screen-struck Girls

woman of *screen* tells *movie* they must expect upon entering—you have a *good home,* stay *wood,*" advises *Miss Pickford*

Kingsley

Swedish girls do come. Their cinema is a good deal like ours, they speak many languages and this helps, and their style of beauty seems very filmable, some way. But I never encourage any of these unless they have had film training. The English girls do not seem movie-struck, because it is only recently that the films have met with real class patronage over there. The stage actresses have all the good parts in pictures made in England.

"Since Anna May Wong and Etta Lee have been succeeding, I have had a lot of letters from Chinese girls who have been trained in the big girls' schools over there. But, of course, I tell them frankly all the chances for and against success. Besides, the immigration laws are very difficult to overcome.

"In fact, it is the immigration laws that are a barrier to many an ambitious foreign girl."

FROM Miss Marjorie Williams, sympathetic manager and matron of the Hollywood Studio Club, which is a home provided by certain philanthropists of Los Angeles and Hollywood, where girls may stay who are looking for movie work, paying only a small price for board and room, I received much enlightenment:

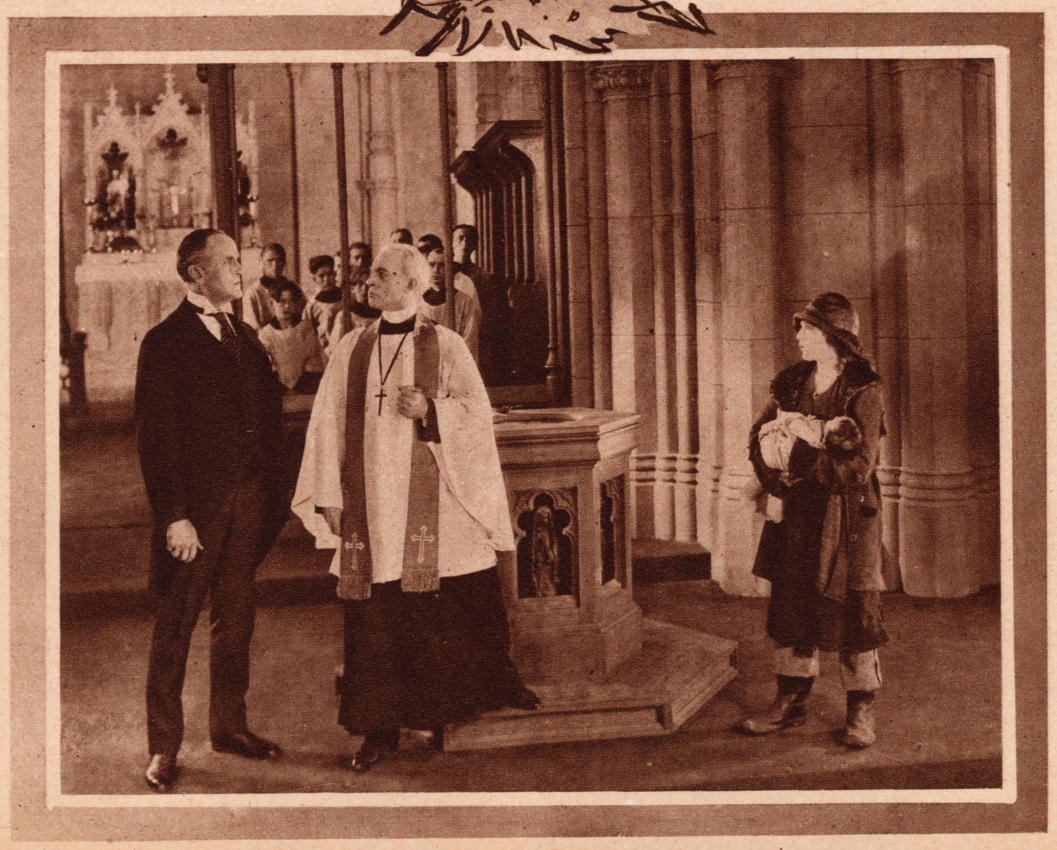
"I should advise the girl who has a good home and who has learned some good business, not to come to Hollywood looking for motion picture work unless she has beauty and personality, with a fair measure of talent and some training," said Miss Williams.

"As it is," she went on, "at least a thousand girls per year come to Hollywood for the sole purpose of getting into pictures. Only about three out of every twenty ever make the grade. It takes quite a combination of qualities to make one good material for the screen. Not beauty alone will do it. There must be intelligence and talent and features that will film well. Even a photograph doesn't always reveal whether one has screen beauty; and, on the other hand, ofttimes the film beauty doesn't take particularly pretty photographs and isn't pretty off the screen.

"I should advise any girl coming West to be sure she has money enough to live on comfortably, before she comes. Also, I should advise that she get advice, if possible, as to her dramatic talents and the real truth about her personality and looks.

"WE RECEIVED on an average, twenty applications a month for residence at the Hollywood Studio Club, from girls from all parts of the country. And we catch, of course, only a few of the girls who come here looking for movie work. Many of them have money enough to go to apartments and hotels to live, while some few coax their parents to come with them. We have a waiting list, a long one, too, all the time, as only twenty girls can be accommodated at the club at any one time. And we have this waiting list despite the fact that girls are coming and going all the while. Some of them begin to make money and have their families come West; some go into other callings; a few go home, but they don't like to go home, having once left to make their fortunes.

The *Hotel Ambassador, Los Angeles,* where many screen stars dance and dine nightly.



A scene from *"Tess of the Storm Country,"* one of *Mary Pickford's* earlier screen triumphs.

"Many of them, as I say, seek other employments. One of our girls went into the real estate business not long ago, and is doing well. She decided she couldn't succeed at pictures, and, like a sensible girl, took up another line. Another girl is taking a business course, another a course in manicuring and hair-dressing, still another has taken up nursing. Two of our girls got engagements with a theatrical company, and two others now at the club are really well on their way to success in the pictures. The others are getting along as best they can with a day's extra work now and then, or maybe a bit to play. During the dull times in the studios, of which there are usually about two yearly, extending over a period of from one month to four, it is very hard for these girls. Most of them keep hoping, and while hoping they don't feel inclined to take up any other work. You know how hard it is when you are waiting for a person, for instance, to accomplish anything but the waiting, and I guess that's the way the girls feel.

"GIRLS in their homes don't know what the hardships and heartaches and rebuffs are in the movie business. I wish they would stop and think before they make the plunge. A girl must have not only brains, beauty and personality for this business; she must have energy and courage as well.

"Yet I wouldn't say that no girl should try her luck. But she should do some sober thinking before she leaves her happy home for the movies.

"Of course, we are very proud of the long list of girls who have made good since the Club was established, and whose first home in Hollywood was this house. Helen Eddy, Julanne Johnston, ZaSu Pitts, Malvina Polo, Ann May, Marjorie Daw, Lois Lee, and many others, dwelt with us for a long time."

(*Continued on page 27*)

RAMON NOVARRO,

who was discovered by Rex Ingram and given the role of the villain in "The Prisoner of Zenda." His work in this film was so admired that he was next assigned the lead in Ingram's picture, "Trifling Women," and now ranks as one of our most popular screen leading men. He is now in Europe playing the lead in Rex Ingram's new picture, "The Arab."

What MARRIAGE means to me

BY Seena OWEN

This beautiful *screen star*, who has just returned from abroad, tells why most people should not *marry* early in life — "*Marriage*," she says, "is a *profession*"

An Interview with David A. Balch

IT IS only the young who are deep. As we grow older, invariably we grow simpler, so that if one really is one of those who have not only had their heads above water, but have actually walked on it, he hopes, in the fullness of time, to have carved upon his headstone, "He was a simple guy." For it's the best that can be said of him.

Thus with life and thus with marriage—one of the outstanding facts of life. Only the young read hidden mysteries into it. To the wise, who were born old, it is just about as clear as white ink.

We think Seena Owen imbibed some of this wisdom, for we have never heard anyone talk so intelligently and, above all, so rationally, of marriage, as did she. Miss Owen possesses one peculiarity of looking in person much younger than she appears in her photographs. Therefore, it must be the soul of Seena Owen which is *old,* while her outer shell remains perpetually young — something charmingly near girlhood, only a thousand times more interesting.

We met Miss Owen by appointment in the Crillon, after we had kept her waiting quite a quarter of an hour, and we didn't know at first whether she was going to "call" us for it or not. But she looked up so brightly from the magazine she was reading that we knew instantly that "all was forgiven."

She had just returned, she told us, from England, where she had made a picture the name of which for the moment escapes us; and she had liked England. She had gone over with her mother and her little six-year-old daughter and, after a month's sojourn, had seen them both off happily for America. But she had stayed—making the picture and liking British soil. Yes, in spite of the cold, barn-like rooms, as she explained, and the queer customs so foreign to our own—in spite of everything.

"But I'm glad to be back," she smiled quietly, "now that I'm here. It's always good to get home, you know."

During lunch, in an out-of-the-way nook of the restaurant, where strange, goblin-like figures glared balefully down at us from the decorated walls, we fell somehow to talking about marriage. We like to talk about marriage with pretty women. Often, an ignorant young bachelor may learn a thing or two from such a casual discussion, for it's more than apt to prove informative.

"Miss Owen," we observed over a dish of crab

"People marry," declared *Miss Owen*, "before they realize just what they must contribute to make that marriage a success."

flakes, the memory of which will take us back to the Crillon one of these days, "marriage seems to be the greatest lottery in life. It's like a grab bag. You put in your hand and pull out a girl, and only time will tell you just how useful or how ornamental your gift may be. It's a lottery."

MISS OWEN, who, by the way. is a miracle of loveliness when she smiles, smiled at us. But it was a slightly sad smile, we thought, which is likely to be the way of smiles that accompany the wreck of young hopes and the old, old illusion of "lived happily ever after."

"People marry," she remarked, "before they're prepared to marry—before they can appreciate what marriage means, or realize just what they must contribute in order to make that marriage a success. Marriage is like a trade or a profession. An apprenticeship is needed. An apprenticeship is needed in order to teach the individual the importance of the profession, so-called, and to appreciate it as such."

"I wonder," she continued, "if the world will ever reach a place where marriage ceases to be the ghastly uncertainty that it is today. She shrugged with a wry smile and then sipped a little tea."

"Yes,'" we murmured, "that is certainly true. They never know their luck until it's too late."

"THE trouble, I believe," she went on, "lies in the fact that many marry too young. This is true of the man as well as the girl. They marry too young, before they've learned to *take* as well as *give,* and before they've come to realize that in their hands is something which they shall either make or break—make beautiful through attentive care, or break wantonly, as a vase of great value might be broken by unconcern or sheer neglect. It isn't usually until people have passed the first flush of youth that they learn to take care of what is given them. And then, as you say, it's usually too late."

We nodded over a chiffonade salad, while she sipped her tea again, her blonde hair framing her face like the colors of a pastel.

"Perhaps," she continued at length, "it's because young people leap into marriage so quickly, impelled only by their own ardent impulses. I'm not saying that they shouldn't marry young, for the mere restriction wouldn't help matters anyway.

"But those of us who are seeking in our own small way for some show or sign of happiness are really avid, I think, for the solution that will bring permanent contentment. And most of this lies somewhere within the empire of sacred love, which is the prelude and motif of ideal marriage."

We nodded again, subscribing wholly to the supreme wisdom of her words.

"What I want particularly to make clear is that marriage is more often wrecked by those concerned failing to appreciate the solemnity of it, than by anything else. It's a mighty solemn business, and the reward, where happiness crowns it, of virtue in the man and of virtue in the woman—the virtue of taking it seriously, of appreciating its meaning, and respecting its purpose. When you've done this, you've done everything that man and woman may do to make marriage a success."

She smiled again, as her mind reverted to England, the distinction we found her frequently drawing between this land and that, as is the way of travelers.

"It's curious," she said at length, "how different things are in England regarding the men who take you out. Here the one idea of the man is to get you alone, but in England, groups—friends, of course—go about together and there is less of the two-some sort of thing."

"Sociable," we murmured softly, "and safe."

And there the matter rested.

The Silent Drama begins to Talk

Una Merkel, who plays the leading part in *"Love's Old Sweet Song,"* a new talking movie.

Camera and _voice-recorder_ meet and conspire to present the charms of _Miss Una Merkel_ through the medium of the _talking movie_

_By_ Alma M. Talley

WELL, it looks as if we were going to need a new name for the silent drama; the movies are going to become the speakies. At least if Mr. Lee De Forrest's years of experimenting turn out successfully.

We heard that Mr. De Forrest had just finished making the first photoplay in which the voice had been photographed along with the action, so we hastened to find out more about it. We went to interview the picture's leading lady, Miss Una Merkel, a little Kentucky girl who looks like Lillian Gish—she used to understudy Miss Gish—and speaks with a delightful Southern drawl.

"Well, let's hear all about the picture Mr. De Forrest has been making," we demanded, over the luncheon table.

"It's the first photodrama to register the voice as well as the action, on the same film. It's a two-reel picture to be shown as an act on the Orpheum circuit and it's called, 'Love's Old Sweet Song.'"

Being most unsentimental, we raised inquiring eyebrows.

"Rather a gooey title?" we suggested.

Miss Merkel laughed "It is—a little," she admitted.

"Never mind," we said, "all is forgiven. How do they take the picture?"

"Well, of course it's very complicated; I don't know whether I can explain it properly or not, but I'll try. The film has a border along the edge that registers the voice vibrations. It works on the principle of selenium light cells; the voice registers in little perforations and is reproduced when the light shines through.

"The room is heavily padded so that noises from the street won't come in and get on the wire."

"What sort of apparatus do they have for receiving the voice?" we inquired.

"There are two tall things like smokestacks with a little connecting wire."

"Like telephone poles, with a wire between?"

"YES. The connecting wire is so fine that it can scarcely be seen with the naked eye. It is that wire which receives and records the voice vibrations. Everyone's voice needs different wave lengths and is tested out before the filming begins. The instrument has to be adjusted for each speaker in turn. When I stop speaking and the leading man, for instance, answers me, they have to turn little screws and things instantaneously to tune the wave lengths to his voice."

"Sounds terribly involved," we commented.

"Yes, it's complicated. In addition to having the room heavily padded to keep out extraneous sounds, they had to have the cameras in little cabinets to silence their clicking. Once a fly got onto the set and buzzed around so we had to take the whole scene over."

We always believe everything anyone tells us, so we even swallowed the fly. However, if anyone but the demure little Miss Merkel had told us that one——

"Before starting to 'shoot' a scene," she continued, "they always rang a little bell to command silence all over the studio. If there were carpenters at work on another set, they stopped. And the telephone extension was kept quiet; everything had to be so still you could hear a pin drop.

"IT WAS astonishing the various ways in which noises would register over the instrument. For instance, in the story the telephone was supposed to ring; naturally that wouldn't seem at all difficult. But, as a matter of fact, they had a terrible time finding the proper bell to sound like a telephone. The regular phone bell didn't register like a ring at all. The tinkle as we hear it, failed to carry over the wire; instead there was just a metallic click, a loud boom. They tried the doorbell; that wouldn't work properly, either. They tried every kind of bell they could think of; finally a bicycle bell was suggested. Someone dashed around the corner to a hardware store and bought one. Sure enough, the bicycle bell proved to be just the thing."

"Rather faint, wasn't it?"

"No. One reason they had to be so careful about noises was that the instrument is a sort of amplifier. It makes every little sound much louder. That would have to be true in order to carry the voices all through a large theatre. That's why the buzzing of the fly would sound like a whole herd of flies; the shuffling of someone's feet would make as much din as a steel riveter."

It must have been a terrible strain working in a picture like that. One wouldn't dare catch his breath for fear the instrument would hear its being caught! We could see at once that Miss Merkel's soft Southern drawl had much to do with her selection for the leading feminine role. Mr. De Forrest's wife also had a large part—most appropriately, as she is a singer, with a very beautiful voice.

"I was delighted to have the chance to play the role," said Miss Merkel. "I'm not very well known yet," she added, naively, "and I take any kind of part I can get. This was a real opportunity for me. I've played leads before for some of the small companies. You know, I just got into the movies by accident; I had no ambition to play in pictures."

We looked at her in amazement, a spoonful of spumoni poised in mid-air. A girl with no ambition to go into movies! She *would* be the very one to get a chance at a screen career. Life is contrary, like that.

"I was studying for the stage in a dramatic school," she explained, (*Continued on page 29*)

Why Women don't like over-attentive Men

BY Marie Prevost

Charming little *screen star* lets go a few *observations* on the *masculine* of the *species* and his fatal *susceptibility* to *charms* of many

"To the discerning woman," said *Miss Prevost*, "the over-attentive man can become obnoxious."

Adolphe Menjou is nothing if not attentive in this scene with *Marie Prevost* from *"The Marriage Circle."*

THEY do—if they happen to be the object of the attentions.

But if there is one type of man who annoys a woman it is the man who is constantly dancing attention upon all women. Of course there are certain courtesies that all well-bred men observe, but there is quite a distinct line where casualness ends and interest begins.

A man can easily endear himself to the feminine heart by displaying in public those innate courtesies which mark the man of culture. There are so many little attentions that can be shown while dining or at the theatre, which uplift the whole evening and make it just that much more enjoyable. There really is no excuse for a man not showing the little attentions he should. So many are prone to excuse this on the grounds that a man may not have had the advantages which breed politeness. To my mind such an excuse is ridiculous, for politeness is really nothing more or less than kindness. The man whose impulses are wholehearted instinctively does the right thing in any situation.

To a discerning woman the over-attentive man can easily become obnoxious. No woman (unless she is a flagrant gold digger) likes to be put under obligations to a man in whom she has no interest and the over-attentive man embarrasses her by doing so. The man who is innately well-bred does not shower expensive or personal gifts on a woman unless there is a bond between them, and thereby saves himself the humiliation of having them returned and the woman the embarrassment of having to do it.

On the other hand, there isn't a woman in the world who isn't pleased at receiving carefully chosen gifts at certain times. The elusive perfume she likes always makes an acceptable gift and carries with it the implied compliment of the man's having noticed and approved her own choice of perfume. Of course candy is about the most impersonal thing there is, and there have never been so many delightful ways of offering it as there are now. What with little China ladies reigning over baskets of delectable sweets, gaily painted tins and boxes of every thinkable shape and hue, this adoring swain need not suffer through lack of inspiration.

Books are equally as impersonal, and yet books, when exchanged between lovers of good reading, oftentimes further a delightful acquaintanceship and in such a subtle way that it cannot but please. But, of course, a man must use his discretion in sending books and should know something about a woman's tastes in reading before choosing a gift of this sort. It would never do to send the usual type of shop girl a copy of "The Life of Leonardo De Vinci," nor the highbrow college woman Harold Bell Wright's latest effort.

Then, of course, there are women who would never appreciate books at all, unless it happened to be one of beauty secrets, as in the case of the chorus girl who was so much perturbed about a Christmas present for her chum.

"Give her a book," was one suggestion.

"Oh, no, she has a book," came the unblushing reply.

However, a man does not have to worry about a girl's tastes in literature when there are so many other things to choose from. If she is at all domestic, there are any number of things suitable for little remembrances, such as charming vases or pictures. One of the most delightful gifts I ever received was a quaint little ginger jar, and the fact that it was inexpensive made it all the more acceptable as a gift.

I THINK I have said quite enough about attentiveness in the matter of gifts—after all, real attentiveness does not confine itself to making presents, though I admit that is rather a large part of it. Aside from that, I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say most girls prefer thoughtfulness to more material remembrances.

As a rule, European men are more attentive than Americans, Their attentiveness is more a matter of deference than gift-giving. I admit that in the big things of life they do not quite measure up to the American man, who would be much more willing to sacrifice for the woman they cared for than would the average continental. But why pause to wonder if a man would rush into a flaming building to save you, or leap into an angry sea to snatch you from a watery grave, when daily he makes you the happiest woman in the world by telling you how charming you look, by placing a rose at your plate when you dine with him, by whispering a soft compliment into your ear as he helps you on with your cloak and by showing in any number of charming, subtle little ways how much he really admires you.

In "The Marriage Circle," which Ernst Lubitsch produced for Warner Brothers, the action is laid in Vienna and Adolphe Menjou, in the role of my husband, portrays a Viennese gentleman. (I am portraying

(*Continued on page 29*)

The Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress

Hazel, young and inexperienced, seeks to win her way through countless dangers and temptations to eventual success on the silver sheet. But the road is far from easy. Great, silent forces of evil are set against her . . . alone save for the protection of Mrs. Loring, the kindly wardrobe mistress. Read this fascinating inside story of the studios of Hollywood

HAZEL, winner of a beauty contest in a small mid-western town, came to Hollywood to try her fortunes in the strange new world of movieland. A small part in a well-known studio gave her her first opportunity, but it also brought her in contact with De Saulles, chief cameraman, a person noted in his own circle for his immorality and his heartlessness. Hazel's unsuspecting affections were easily won, and, but for the intervention of Mrs. Loring, a kind, motherly woman who held the position of wardrobe mistress in the studio, her story might have been a short and sad one.

A moonlight motor trip on which De Saulles attacked her and nearly had accomplished his evil ends, was final proof that his intentions were the opposite of honorable, and Hazel, chastened in spirit, turned anew to her rapidly improving work before the camera. So well did she do that Paul Dexter, the director, assured her that the leading feminine role opposite a famous young male star awaited her, at a salary of a thousand dollars a week. Hazel's delight may be imagined. To prepare herself physically and to calm her nerves after the harrowing experiences she had been through, she spent two weeks at Catalina Island resting.

On her return, she went direct to the house of Mrs. Loring, and there found Jimmy, her home town sweetheart, awaiting her. They fled into each other's arms. Mrs. Loring shared in the delight of the young lovers at being reunited.

". . . Well, my boy," he was saying to *Jimmy*, "take my advice and get her out of the movies and keep her out if you're going to marry her!"

WHILE she was trying on her new gowns the next day, Hazel talked to me of Jimmy. I had left them alone the night before and gone to bed. They had talked until far into the night. I could see that Hazel was genuinely fond of the boy.

"He's such a dear," Hazel admitted, trying the effect of a Spanish lace shawl against a scarlet and silver dress. "But awfully set in his ways. Why, even now, when I am just about to step into this fine job as leading lady for Mr. Marford, Jimmy would like me to pack right up and go on back to Kansas with him and be married."

She laughed indulgently.

"He wants to stay over till Monday morning and watch me start to work on the picture," she said. "I'm afraid he will glare at everybody and think they are all fast and bad, and it will make me nervous. Still, I want him to see me before the camera, too."

A little vanity, a little fear over what glimpses of careless studio life Jimmy might get. It was only natural, though, that she should want him to see her in all the glory of those new frocks she was to wear in "Below the Equator." She was a darling in the soft, clinging, white silk crepe trimmed with fringe. She looked like a camellia with her dark hair done up in a low knot at the back of her head. The black and gold costume gave her a dash and impressiveness quite foreign to her simple, girlish beauty.

I had worked very hard on Hazel's costumes for this picture. They were quite correct for Spanish senoritas of the time the picture was to portray, and I had woven into them the richest materials of the shades which were most becoming to Hazel. For you must know that, while the camera does not photograph colors, an actress feels much more at home and does much of her best work when she is arrayed in her favorite tints. The camera is unsparing in portraying the texture of material, so it is quite necessary to use only the finest silks, satins and velvets when such materials are called for.

As Hazel was pirouetting before the long glass with a lace mantilla over her head and a long-stemmed red rose in her mouth, Billie and Jimmy came tip-toeing along the gallery which ran outside the dressing rooms. They insisted on seeing the new leading lady, so Hazel stepped out and made them a low bow. Jimmie's heart was in his eyes. I could see that he worshipped her. But he covered it up with a joking reference to an extravagant press clipping he had just seen.

"Hazel Vance, the dark-eyed little beauty from Kansas," he read aloud, "is to add new lustre to the silver sheet in the role of Lolita, playing opposite Jack Marford in 'Below the Equator,' adapted from the novel of Mumsby Jones by E. Whitney Scrivener, the well-known scenario writer."

HAZEL blushed and laughed. Billie tried to join in the general merriment, but I could see that his thoughts were elsewhere. He had not seemed himself for the last few weeks and I knew that his wife's flirtation with Scrivener must be the cause. One no longer heard his merry whistle and his blue eyes were sombre. One rarely saw him and Isabel together, and when they were, she only looked disdainful and bored.

Billie, I understood, had given up a good position in the East and taken one of minor importance in our West Coast studio, just so he might be near his wife. Now she was giving him the cold shoulder and was, apparently, much in love with the head scenario writer. It was rather pathetic the way Billie hung around Hazel. She seemed the only one around the studio whom he regarded as a friend. He would do anything for her, from running errands to tying her shoe laces. Many a night he had come out to May's or my apartment and the four of us had jolly little suppers. Now, he was escorting Jimmy around the lot and showing him the sights while Hazel was busy preparing for her work in the new picture.

Monday morning came, and with it blaze of lights, sound of saw and hammer, giving last needed touches to the gorgeous Spanish castle interior which was to be the background for the first scene in "Below the Equator." Faithful Frank Ferris was there with his violin. Dexter and Barty were bending over the script and Lansing, the new cameraman, and his assistant were adjusting their tripods. The very fact of De Saulles' absence seemed to clarify the atmosphere and give everyone a buoyant, optimistic feeling. At least that's the way it affected me and I know it did Hazel. Back of the cameras was Jimmy, restlessly walking to and fro, sitting down to light a cigarette, then throwing it away and jumping up to resume his pacing. Hazel was the calmest one of the lot. She looked beautiful in the scarlet and silver dress with the black lace mantilla thrown over her head.

PRESENTLY Marford, the star of the picture, appeared. He was a clean-cut, pleasant appearing young chap. He looked at Hazel approvingly and they chatted together a few moments before the call came: "All ready! Take your places!" The scene had begun. Little Hazel Vance from Kansas had reached the place in a few short months which most girls only reach after several years of striving. Except, of course, in the case of a girl like Madge Bellamy, who has made a stage hit in New York. But Hazel had

had no previous experience, except in amateur theatricals.

Music, lights, glitter. Moviedom.

She looked so sweet, so dear in those Spanish costumes. I saw a white, set look on Jimmy's face. I knew that with the first faint whir of the cameras it must seem to the lad that his sweetheart was drifting away from him. How far would she drift—up into the remote heights of stardom? Or would disillusionment and heartache at last send her back into those strong young sheltering arms of his?

THE sweet, haunting notes of that beautiful Mexican melody, "La Paloma," were filling the studio. Jack Marford, as the scene demanded, took Hazel's slim little hand, bent over it and pressed it to his lips. The girl's long, dark lashes swept her cheek. The other hand went to her breast. The huge arc lights played down a flood of silver radiance on them both.

The picture lingered long in my memory. Some weeks later I looked back upon it and wondered how anything which started out with such high hopes and promise could end in such disaster. And afterward I liked to remember Hazel's face as it was that day. At least she had her high moment.

Back of me I heard Billie's short laugh.

"Well, my boy," he was saying to Jimmy. "Just take my advice. Get her out of the movies and keep her out if you're going to marry her."

I did not hear Jimmy's reply, for just then Miss H——— came in and in her usual impulsive way, rushed over to Paul and kissed him square on the lips. It was the first time she had seen him in several weeks, or since they had finished work on the Revolutionary picture in which she had played lead.

"Is that Dexter's wife?" said Jimmy to me.

"Well, no," I replied lamely. Again I realized how hard it is to explain to an outsider the harmless, careless atmosphere of Moviedom. "She's one of the actresses, but they're very old friends."

Jimmy said nothing. On the way across to the cafe for lunch, I took him round by a little Italian garden which had been constructed for a picture scene. There was a little fountain, cypress trees and stone benches. Our feet made no sound on the grass. As we started to step around the little trees, we saw a man and woman sitting with their backs toward us on one of the stone benches on the other side of the fountain. Their arms were twined round each other in an impassioned embrace.

"They are, I suppose, husband and wife?" said Jimmie in a sarcastic tone as we quietly withdrew.

"That was Billie's wife and the head scenario writer," I confessed hopelessly. An inscrutable, contemptuous little smile was on Jimmy's face. I felt I must justify the motion picture world in general. I felt he was getting a wrong idea of the whole craft just because of a couple of unfortunate incidents. I groped for words, trying to explain.

"You see, it's such a different life," I stammered. "They don't mean anything. It's a different world here in California from what it is in Kansas. It——"

"Whether it's in California or Kansas, I don't want my wife giving her lips to every man she meets," said Jimmy, in a tone of finality. And I felt certain that one morning in the studio had convinced Jimmy that he would never have a motion picture actress for a wife. Hazel must give up pictures or give up Jimmy.

"But if you could come out here and be with her," I suggested weakly.

Jimmie whirled upon me. His eyes blazed.

"AND live in hell, like that poor fellow we just left? Nice for him if he happened to come on that pretty little scene we saw! No sin! Sooner than trail around at the painted high heels of a movie queen wife I'll remain a bachelor all my days—or marry an Indian squaw. They're generally faithful!"

I knew he meant just what he said even though his eyes were full of hurt and suffering. Jimmie McMann was not the one to play second fiddle to any man. He would have all a woman's love or nothing.

That night, after I had gone to bed, the two young people had a heart-to-heart talk. The walls of the apartment were thin, and I could not help hearing part of the conversation.

"You've got to decide now, sweetheart," I heard Jimmy say in a tone of finality. "There's no use in our continuing our engagement, if you can call it that, if you are determined on a motion picture career. I'm offering you a home, love and protection, now. I don't want to wait five or six years until you have had your fling in these damn movies. I want to marry you—you as you are now, not the jaded, over-wise girl you will be after a few years in this game."

Then Jimmie's voice broke.

"Tell me, sweetheart, don't you love me at all?"

Evidently Hazel's answer was satisfactory though silent.

After a short, blissful silence, Hazel's voice, slightly tremulous:

"I do love you, Jimmie. And I—I would like to marry you some day. But not now! Oh, Jimmie, can't you see what it means to me, this chance? Why, hundreds of girls work in the pictures for years and never get to play a leading role. With such a salary I can save a lot of money, too, and that will give us such a nice start."

"Do you think I'd live on your money?" blazed Jimmy. "I'm not making such a whale of a salary, but I'm making enough to support you if you don't demand the earth, and I'll work hard and make more. Oh, Hazel, won't you?"

There was a world of wistful pleading in the boy's tones. There in the dark I found myself wishing intensely that she would give him the answer he wanted. What was it worth, this mirage of moviedom, beside an honest love like that? My mind traveled back over my own life, empty and bereft in spite of my gay surroundings, since my own beloved had left me. A series of pictures of disillusioned, hungry faces of world-renowned beauties I had known in the film world passed before me. One who tried to stick it out in a Coast studio because of a fat contract, while her heart was pining for her husband back in New York. Another whose happy married life had gone on the rocks and whose face instantly became a mask of tragedy as soon as the cameras ceased whirring. Another famous star who tried suicide because of an unhappy love affair.

A career, no matter how dazzling, means nothing to a woman if it does not also bring her love. Any woman who is happily married, even though her life is a bit monotonous, is getting far more out of existence than the woman who has Fame and that only, for her portion. If a woman can combine the two, ah, well! that is a different matter. There are few fortunate ones who have done so. Florence Allen, for instance, managed to attain success and a happy married life at the same time. But I understand even that beautiful little home of dreams has now crumbled and that John and Florence have separated, each having their own home. It might have been different with Hazel and Jimmie if the boy had not taken such an unaccountable aversion to the films. He was a newspaper man, devoted to his profession and determined to stick to it.

I SIGHED as I heard Hazel, in answer to his ardent pleading, trying again to make him see her side of it. I knew it was useless. Jimmy would go on to San Francisco in the morning. Hazel would let the best, the finest thing which might ever come into her life, slip through her fingers. She would never know until it was too late what it had meant to her. Only time and experience can awaken the girl who has been hypnotized by the dazzling glitter of Moviedom.

"With the dawn of the next morning," as they say in the movie titles, I was awake. From the next room I heard a little, muffled sob. I guess the child had been awake pretty nearly all night. Of course I did the best I could to comfort her, but until twenty can see with the eyes of forty, these tragedies of youth are bound to occur.

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"Tell me, sweetheart, don't you love me at all?"

Marshall Neilan, known otherwise as *"Mickey,"* who was responsible, according to *Coleen Moore*, for her marriage to *John McCormick*.

MICKEY — the Matchmaker!

"*Mickey* did it!" exclaimed pretty *Colleen Moore* in commenting upon her recent marriage to *John McCormick*, erstwhile publicity man

By Dana Rivers

BELOW:
"He made a hit with me right from the start," sighed *Colleen* about her husband, *John McCormick*.

NOW, boys and girls, if you ever feel inclined to doubt the fact of love at first sight, I refer you to Mrs. John McCormick, fannishly known as Colleen Moore.

She told me all about it yesterday in her green and violet dressing room at First National Studio, Hollywood.

Incidentally, Micky Neilan is responsible. Responsible for the marriage, I mean. Micky, Colleen told me, aside from being the eminent director and the husband of Blanche Sweet, is also the official matchmaker of Hollywood. He introduces the movie debutantes to the young gentlemen he considers eligible. He tells these same young debs whether or no they should have tea, luncheon or dinner with the aforesaid young gentlemen. All the girls go to Micky with their love troubles and Micky supplies advice and heart-balm, gratis.

It was Micky who first told Colleen's mother, some years ago, in New York, that it was time for Colleen to "see a little life," in other words, to go about with the boys a bit. And it was Micky who, here in Hollywood, called Colleen on the phone one day and invited her to dinner at his home, saying that he had two "nice new boys" he wanted her to meet.

All trusting, Colleen set forth to meet the "nice new boys." One of them was a young Hollywood lawyer. The other one was—John McCormick.

Love at first sight!

They met—they looked—and, in Colleen's own vernacular, they were like two postage stamps who have long rattled about in the same pocket and were, at last, stuck together!

By which she means that they had both been in the same game, each in his and her own way, Mr. McCormick being Western representative of First National, but had never met until that fateful evening.

Well, and that very same evening, (here's a thrill, girls), that very same evening he told her that he loved her, loved her madly and for all time. She loved him, too, she says, but women are more skeptical than men, and she just couldn't believe that it was all true. And so she told him to phone her in the morning if he still felt the same way about it, only half-believing, so she says, that she would hear from him again. She *more* than half-believed, or feared, that he wouldn't. It was just a sort of a "flair," she thought.

But promptly at *seven* the next morning he 'phoned and repeated again the three little words that make the world go 'round. And all that day he kept sending her telegrams, one arriving every two hours, and each one breaking off just at a critical point so that she lived the day in a state of breathless expectancy. Rather a clever thought.

"He made a hit with me right from the start," sighed Colleen.

This extravagant courtship lasted for over a year. "We are both Irish," Colleen told me, "and we had some fights, but oh, I *do* love him!" All of Colleen's conversations end on the same note, in practically the same words.

Furthermore, so Colleen told us, she had never believed in marriage for the professional woman . . . but she loved him to distraction . . . could not live without him . . . what to do?

What she did all the world knows . . . she married him. And if they do not live happily ever after then Cupid is a fraud and Venus a snare and a delusion.

While we were in her dressing room yesterday, "John" phoned her, in a period of twenty-five minutes, exactly three times and the conversation from her end ran like this: "What, sweetheart? Yes, darling. Why, angel, you know I do . . . you know I do . . . you know I DO!"

ONE felt that one should depart, out of a sense of delicacy, excepting for the fact that Colleen said these endearing things so naturally, with such a sense of pride and the fitness of the thing.

They have just bought a new house and were leaving for New York the next day for "a belated honeymoon" and also to stop off in New Orleans to buy a Louis XIVth bedroom suite they had got track of. Colleen was far more preoccupied with the buying of a new stove and the right kind of an ice box for the new home than she was with the im-

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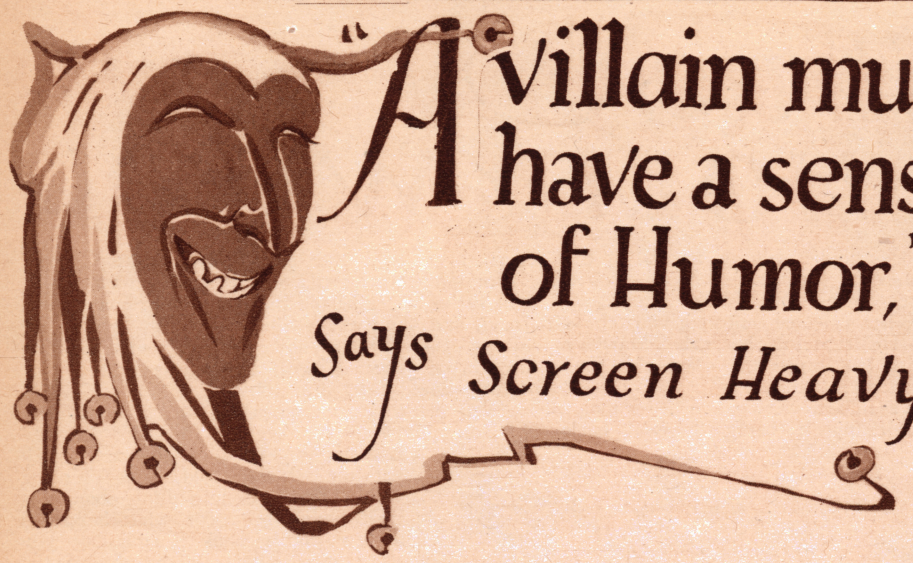
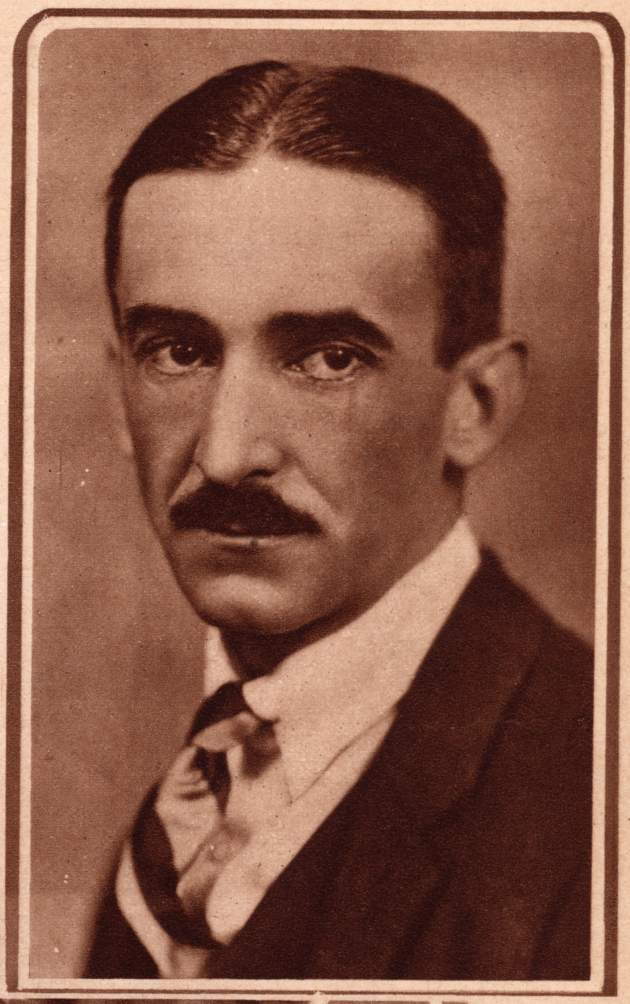
The husband—*John McCormick*. He got *Colleen* by sweeping her off her feet, she says.



"A villain must have a sense of Humor," Says Screen Heavy



Osgood Perkins, who plays the _villain_ in "_Grit_," tells how _bad men_ of _screen_ are able to get that way

By Regina Cannon

IT SEEMS that a bad man has a good time just being bad. It's an art with him—this business of being a villain, and besides its being decidedly profitable in a good many instances, it's a lot of fun. If you have an evening off some time and would like to wreck a perfectly happy home or make off with your dearest friend's Christmas jewelry before it has a chance to turn green in the spring, just turn villain. Besides making a lot of people miserable, which in itself is no mean feat, the bad man is in on the "ground floor" of the business and has an amusing time watching the results of his handiwork.

Now Osgood Perkins is the Film Guild's bad man. Whenever there's any dirty work to be done—in a picture—Mr. Perkins is the man picked on to do it. We remembered his excellent portrayal of the Devil in "Puritan Passions," and his more recent work in "Grit," and decided that he would be the logical person to ask about bad men.

Accordingly we met Mr. Perkins for lunch at the Algonquin to discuss with him the wickedness of men—in the movies. We had never seen Mr. Perkins in person before our appointment and in consequence sat beside him in the hotel lobby for ten minutes before we decided that Mr. Perkins was—Mr. Perkins. You see, we were looking for a villain, and without his make-up our victim is a handsome young college man.

We had planned to be nasty and sarcastic to this man who is so convincingly bad on the screen. But when we saw the real Mr. Perkins instead of the reel one, we decided that his portrayal of villains does credit to his histrionic ability. He is one of the most affable men we've ever met, besides being clever and entertaining and the possessor of a wonderful sense of humor.

When we were seated at a table in the main dining-room, we asked Mr. Perkins why he was a villain, and he answered without a moment's hesitation.

"You see, it's this way," he said solemnly. "Charlie Chaplin asked me as a special favor not to do comedy roles. Poor Charlie wants to stay in the movies, and if I ever started doing his stuff—well, judge for yourself where Charlie would be."

"How about doing leads?" we questioned, trying to look innocent—which is an expression we haven't yet quite mastered.

"Too good-looking," observed our host. "I hope Valentino appreciates what I did for him by staying out of sheik roles when he was away. Now he can come back with nothing to fear.

AT RIGHT:
"Villainy," said *Mr. Perkins*, "is a game and, like most games, the fun is not in the winning, but in the striving to win"

***Osgood Perkins* and *Clara Bow* enjoy a villainous moment in *"Grit,"* a recent picture.**

"John Barrymore asked me as a special favor not to play 'Hamlet' for five years, so, you see, after accommodating all these lesser lights (?) the only thing left for me to be was a villain, and I've been hard at it."

Now, fans anyone that can "kid" like that is all right with us.

"Seriously," we asked, "do you like being the bad man on the screen?"

"YES," returned Mr. Perkins emphatically. "A villain is the most interesting character to portray. At least to me, he is. One must have imagination to 'put him across.' Subtlety is absolutely necessary to portray him convincingly. His is a character with infinite possibilities.

"Of course I'm not referring to the old-time melodrama type of bad man. As a matter of fact, I don't think a villain is really a bad man. Villainy is a business with him and in order to conduct a business, one has to deal with people, and when one deals with people, one must have a sense of humor."

Being a deep-dyed one, Mr. Perkins spoke authoritatively.

"Take, for instance, the villain in 'Puritan Passions.' He messed up things for everybody and took a delight in doing it. It gave him pleasure even to avenge the wrongs of other people. Often the villain in the play doesn't give a hang whether or not he wins the beautiful girl or not, but he derives a lot of pleasure from the agonies of the hero who is worried to death at the possibility of his losing out.

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The Trail I Struck to HOLLYWOOD

If a girl is ambitious, they say, she will make any sacrifice to win stardom on the screen. Was Margey, the little Georgia girl who graduated into the movies from the counter of a five-and-ten cent store, to sacrifice her ideals in order to write her name across the starry sky of movieland? Read this fascinating true life story of a movie star you all know well, and learn what she did and how she did it. Written by HERSELF

MARGEY, she of the red-gold hair, grew impatient of clerking in the five-and-ten, dreamt, perhaps, some day, of fulfilling her ambition to put her hesitating foot upon the first rung which would, mayhap, lead to eventual eminence in the gilded world of filmland. Her meeting with Gerald Jackson, who claimed to be a famous director, heightened this ambition, and, when her girlhood's sweetheart, Eddie Marsden, in a fit of jealousy, so sullied her good name that she was forced from her position, she bravely betook herself to New York, to seek out new fortunes and new, strange roads.

But the world held many disappointments in store for her. Gerald proved to be nothing more than an impostor, a liar . . . and worse. Only her young strength and the armor of her innocence saved her from his bestial intentions. But, though her faith in men had twice been dimmed, she still possessed courage for the fight for a living in the unfriendly world of their making. Through a kindly young policeman, Jimmy Mulligan, she obtained an introduction which ultimately resulted in work of a temporary nature, playing the part of an artist's model in a scene in a New York movie studio. Following this, however, no more appeared as the weary weeks dragged on. At last, in desperation, Margery, her ambitions still undimmed, was forced again to take up a clerkship in a department store, to the great delight of Jimmy, who had fallen desperately in love with her and had been refused in a proposal to make her his wife.

After a few weeks of this, through a fortuitous accident, Margery met a Mr. Barrow, and was employed by him to appear as the Spirit of Dawn in a prologue he was to stage at a prominent Manhattan theatre. She gave up her department store job, and to speed her prompt arrival at the scenes of her rehearsal for her new work, took a taxicab. But her journey was interrupted suddenly by Jimmy, her rejected suitor, giving chase in another car. He leapt into her cab. Margery leaned forward to beat upon the glass and thus attract the driver's attention.

But Jimmy's eye and arm were too quick for me. Suddenly I felt myself being dragged back from the half-open door of the taxi, just as I was about to commit the folly of jumping to the street. I tried to resist the strength that compelled me backwards. It was an unequal struggle, however, for Jimmy's muscles, trained for any emergency, held me in a vise.

"Don't try that again, Margery," he said, a ring of steel in his voice, "maybe you'll never speak to me again for this, but from what I've learned it was the only way to stop you."

For moments I could only look at Jimmy Mulligan sitting there beside me in his policeman's uniform, and show my feelings for him by the fire of my eyes. At last, however, I turned upon him, my throat bursting with the words that I was afraid would turn into sobs.

"Tell me what you mean by this," I demanded.

"You quit your job because this bird Barrow is going to give you a chance to work for him. Maizie told Kate. Well, I wouldn't have done a thing about this if it hadn't been for what happened a few nights back. Thursday you were going home about five-thirty. There hasn't been a night I've been on the beat since we were in the park that I haven't watched you all the way home. Thursday night I noticed a fellow sneaking behind you. He followed you to the boarding house, going up the stoop and looking around at the number and name on the mail box——"

"A man followed me?" I questioned.

"YES, and the same fellow did it three nights straight. I kept the whole thing under my eye. On the third night I went up to him just as he turned around from following you. I told him what was what, and that I had a good mind to run him in on suspicion. I guess I threw a mighty powerful fear into that fellow, because he shook like a sapling in the wind. He confessed he knew you in B———. Then he told me all about why you left the town . . . and this guy, Gerald Jackson—"

"Gerald Jackson!" I repeated, shocked by the sound of the name. "Who was this man, Jimmy, that . . . who followed me?" I cried.

"Eddie Marsden——"

"That cad!" I screamed, bursting into tears.

"He told me Jackson had sold you out once on the movie game. Margery, when I heard from Kate that you had left the store to work for this rich Barrow man, and that you had raved about him so, I decided to take the law in my own hands. I don't want you to suffer, Marg, from something you don't realize will hurt you, as I know it will—but, tell me, please, why do you call Marsden a cad?" he asked.

In a few words that cost me a great deal to say, I told Jimmy Mulligan the bitter truth about Marsden, and how his black lies had ruined my reputation at home, forcing mother and me to leave Georgia as we did. Jimmy's anger made him come near the explosion point. He said he would choke those lies back down Eddie's throat the next time he ever ran across him. "I thought he meant he was looking for you because he cared——" he said.

So intent had both of us become in our talk that neither of us realized the cab had been standing in front of my boarding house door for several moments. I looked at Jimmy, wondering what

"You are not nervous?" he whispered, standing there beside me like a fascinating giant.

the next move would be on his part.

"I was only trying to shield you, Margery. Surely you can see that, can't you?" he asked, starting to get out.

"Yes, Jimmy, but it made me awfully mad at first the way you simply did things without saying a word," I answered.

"Well, now, you go on and do what you started. I won't bother carrying out my plans so long as you know what you're up against. But I got two scores to settle for you now . . . one with that chump Marsden, and the other with that guy Jackson for lying to you about helping you," he said.

I held out my hand to him. It was so easy to see that Jimmy was my real true friend.

"Bye-bye for now, Jimmy . . . and don't worry about me. I'll take care. Jackson's made me realize how many lies they tell girls here in the big city. You are the only real, honest man in all the world, Jimmy—at least, all I know at all well," I added, thinking that I didn't want to put Mr. Barrow in with the other people until he proved less than what I believed him to be.

THE rehearsal went off fine. Mr. Barrow was there, and the very sight and sound of him made me do my very best. He seemed very pleased with my first attempts. Once, when I was standing off a little to one side watching him direct the arrangement of the scene, he turned and looked at me with one long sweeping glance. I could not take my own eyes away from him as he did.

On the way home from rehearsal, I kept trying to figure out what kind of an influence this great man was casting over my life. I felt in my heart and mind that his spell over me was so powerful that one motion of his little finger could make me do his bidding. I told myself that his eyes and voice had a lot to do with his magnetism. But I knew, too, it was much more than his appearance that appealed to me. It was the light that shone out of his eyes, I think—a light that suggested how strong and how kind he was in heart and soul.

Of course, knowing he was married, I did not dare think of him as I might have otherwise. If the temptation came to think of him as my "ideal man," I fought it away, for I knew such a temptation could easily turn into sin. I guess that was what poor Jimmy was thinking about when he emphasized the fact that Mr. Barrow was married.

Poor Jimmy! Thoughts of him rushed through my mind as I walked homewards briskly in the late afternoon's dusk. There was no doubt in my mind but that he loved me very, very much. I felt angry with myself for having ever let him love me as he did, but I couldn't see just where I was to blame because I had never encouraged him along those lines. To me he had always appealed as a wonderfully kind and true friend.

For all of my happiness that night over the success of my first rehearsal and the memory of Mr. Barrow's one searching glance, there was a great deal of sadness in my heart when I remembered about Eddie Marsden being in New York. The very thought of him stirred up a past which I was trying my best to forget.

During the course of the evening, I told mother about the new job. She thought it was wonderful, as I was to get seventy-five dollars a week during rehearsals and one hundred a week as long as the picture played on Broadway!

AS THE work of rehearsing progressed, I became rather friendly with the pretty girl who was to sing the dawning song in the prologue of the picture. She told me of how nice Mr. Barrow had been to her.

"When I came to New York from Cleveland a year ago to try and get on as a singer, he gave me some mighty fine advice and helped me to meet people who could give me a real chance. He's just like a sort of god to me!" she cried.

The more I saw of him the more I realized that Juliet Roscoe's idea of Mr. Barrow was just like mine. I had begun to look upon him as a god—a wonderful somebody who belonged to the top of mountains, but who often came down and walked with the rest of the humans in the valley. There were days and nights when I could think of nothing except Mr. Barrow.

At last came the opening night of "One Opal Night" on Broadway. The excitement of the whole thing had fired my blood with a burning fever, and the thought that he would be there watching me in a scene which was his own thought and work, made my heart thump madly.

During the orchestra overture Mr. Barrow passed me backstage, as I stood in the dim light, waiting to take my place behind the scene of dawn. There was very little space, and he brushed against me as he went by. A half-audible gasp went up from my lips. He turned and peered through the dimness.

"Ah, Margery, I see you are awaiting your cue. Now do just half as well tonight as you have done in rehearsals and my first night audience will be swept right into the atmosphere of the picture. You are not nervous?" he whispered, standing there beside me like a fascinating giant.

"No," I answered softly, knowing that my whole body and soul was in an uproar.

He reached out and patted my shoulder gently, then passed on. I watched him, suddenly aware of the yearning in my heart—a yearning that made me forget him as my employer. The next moment I stamped my foot on the floor and tried to think of him as I knew I must. But my subconscious mind was thinking of him in a way I had never thought of a man before.

The last note of the overture died down after a final burst of music. A great storm of hand clapping followed. Silence . . . then came the soft notes of "At Dawning," and from off-stage there floated in the sweet, fresh voice of Juliet, singing words that brought sobs to my throat. In a sort of dream I moved into position on the platform behind the scene of the violet sea.

As the lights lifted across the stage-built Southern sea, I felt myself rising upwards on the platform. I held my breath as my eyes looked out across the violet make-believe to the sea of faces beyond. Those first moments will always be priceless to me. When the curtain shimmered down, a thing of sparkling sapphire and silver, and the applause of the audience reached me, I was sure that all my days of waiting and worry, all the days of shadows that lay behind me were worth living through to have reached that moment.

When Mr. Barrow came to me and held out his hands, saying how proud he was of it all, I was too dazed with joy to do much more than smile back at him and rush away to my dressing room. Afterwards I went to the box in which mother was sitting. Before the picture was over, Mr. Barrow came in and met mother, telling her how proud he was of my part in the prologue.

After the show I took her home in a taxicab. As we went through Broadway, I thought back to my first night's stroll down that famous street and how I had watched the people in wonderful clothes riding by in their cars and cabs. I seemed to be one of them . . . and so quickly.

WHEN I saw mother into the house, I got back into the cab and started for the famous dining place where Mr. Barrow was giving a supper-dance for many people. He had invited me to come along, saying that he would see to it that there was a very attractive young man to make my evening pleasant. But I was not thinking of his promise as the cab neared the restaurant. I was thinking only of Mr. Barrow—and remembering how the touch of his fingers backstage had brought a burning sensation to my shoulder.

Perhaps you remember how thrilled I was the night of my first dinner at the little Keystone Hotel down home. Well, I have learned that all thrills and excitement come in proportion to one's previous experiences in such things. So my thrill at being at the supper-dance with Mr. Barrow's party was a hundred times greater than the one I got at the Keystone. When I danced to the wonderful music, I simply floated over the polished floor in a beautiful dream.

Of course Mr. Barrow was mighty busy with all of the famous people he had present, but he remembered his promise, and there was a very nice young man, a Mr. Murray, as my partner. I didn't do very much talking, because I felt that the others might realize I was only a girl from a

(*Continued on page 26*)

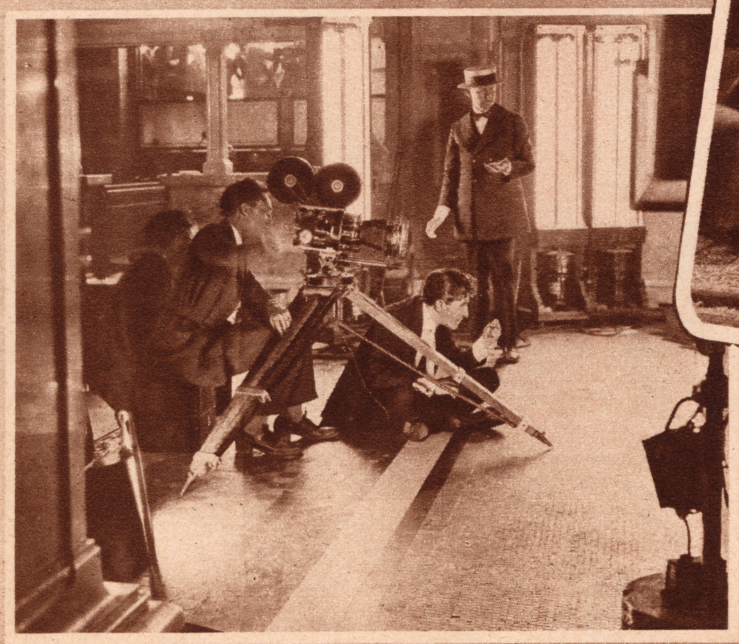
"Mother out?" he asked, taking off his coat and gloves. . . . I did not want him to know *Jimmy* was in the apartment. It would be so awkward explaining his hiding.

ON THE SET—with the Director

This is none other than the great *D. W. Griffith* himself— surrounded by such luminaries as *Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Lowell Sherman, Burr McIntosh* and *Vivia Ogden.*

Ernst Lubitsch opens his arms to the mob of extras in *"Rosita."* *Mary* stands beside him — the little girl under the big umbrella.

Part of the *Paramount* stock company gets a lesson in plain and fancy acting, with *James Cruze* as the teacher. The lady on the sofa is *June Elvidge.*



When *John M. Stahl* gets into action, he puts a punch into his work.

Victor Schertzinger hard at work on *"The Man Life Passed By."* But even life couldn't pass by a couple of blonde beauties like *Jane* and *Eva Novak.*

Wait until you know your own mind," says Edith ROBERTS

Dainty little *screen star* discusses her recent marriage and reveals *how girls* in general *may find secret* for connubial bliss

By Cora Blashfield

"People say," declared *Miss Roberts*, "that you can never know a man until you live with him."

"WAIT, girls, until you are sure you know your own mind before getting married. You should know a man at least a year before becoming engaged to him. Then you should be engaged another year, at least. I believe in long engagements."

It was Edith Roberts who said that. Edith Roberts, you know, has lately become a bride.

"People say," went on Edith, who is a long-headed little lady for her years, "people say you can never know a man really until you live with him. Maybe so. But you will surely know him better after a year than you did after a week!

"Nobody can be sure of his or her own heart, because love is an eccentric little god; but surely respect has something to do with the relationship of marriage, and I think a man respects a girl a good deal more who consults her head a little bit.

"The trouble really is, I think, that the men do not understand the girls. Girls understand men much better. Men are more blinded by their feelings than women, for one thing. If men understood women before marriage as well as women understand men, there wouldn't be so many unhappy marriages. Women are more conventional, therefore more secretive, more hypocritical, and more subtle than men."

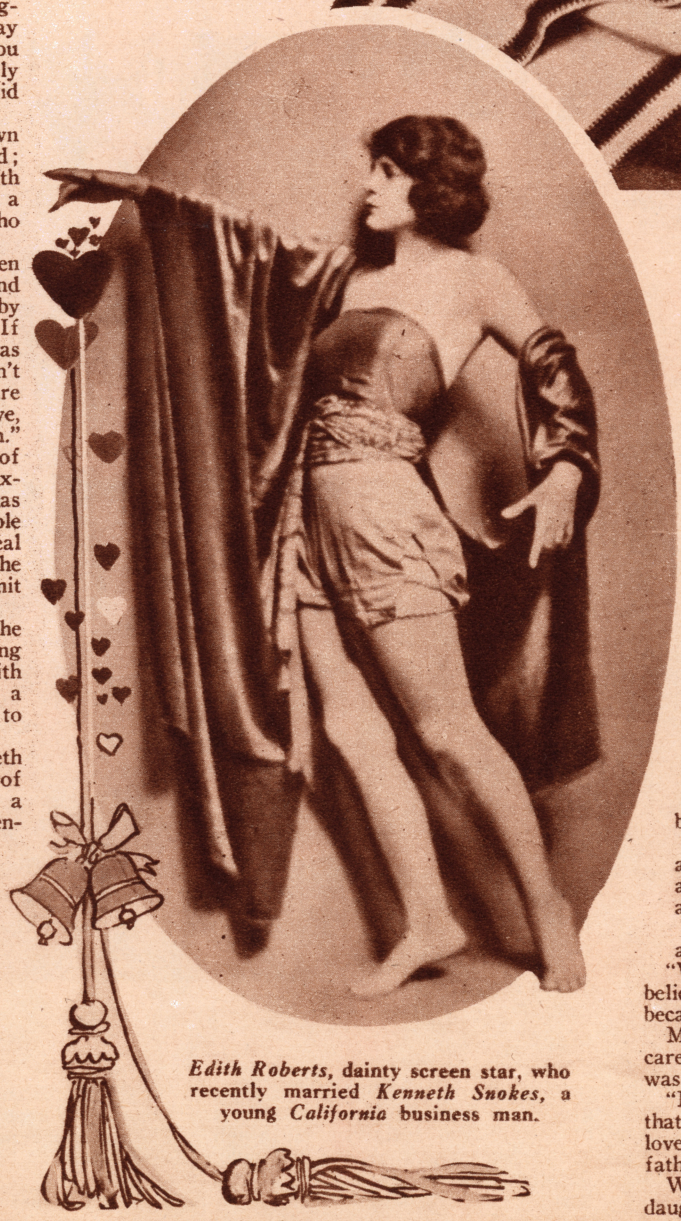
Little Miss Roberts, courted by dozens of men since she became a star when only sixteen years old, out at Universal City, has been engaged only twice. At least, people used to say that she was engaged to Neal Burns, with whom she went about all the time; but neither of these would ever admit it, so maybe, after all, it wasn't true.

But we all felt confident that some day she would marry Neal. He is a very fine young man, and always seemed devoted. But Edith always said, very sensibly, "Oh, Neal is a wonderful boy, but I'm too young really to be engaged."

But four years ago, Edith met Kenneth Snokes, a promising young business man of Hollywood. They went around together a great deal. Still Edith said she wasn't engaged. When she went back to New York, a year ago, her cavalier wanted her to promise to marry him. But she wouldn't. She said she thought a separation would prove to them whether they really cared for each other or not.

A FEW months ago, she began to feel very lonesome for the attentive Mr. Snokes. Even all the attentions and flattery showered on her by some of New York's nicest young men failed to win her from her memories of Kenneth. So she wrote and told him yes.

Mr. Snokes didn't take any chances. When he learned that Edith was coming back to Hollywood, he wired her that he would have a marriage license all ready and waiting, and asked her to alight at Colton to be married.



Edith Roberts, dainty screen star, who recently married *Kenneth Snokes*, a young *California* business man.

So Edith wired back, "All right."

Wherefore, when she did make up her mind, it all goes to show that she didn't hesitate at anything in taking the step as soon as possible.

Mrs. Blanche Armstrong and a couple of friends of the couple were the only people present at the wedding.

THE lovely bride, considered one of the prettiest girls in pictures, as well as one of the most promising stars, at once went away on a honeymoon trip with her husband, motoring from Colton over to Riverside Inn, a few miles away, to spend a day or two, and thence on a trip wherever fancy led them.

Miss Roberts is to appear in a big super-production shortly to be commenced in Hollywood. She has just finished a picture with Allan Dwan in New York.

"Are you glad to be back in Hollywood?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—New York just seems a lot of excitement and tall buildings," declared Edith, "but of course I love the shows back there, and I have a lot of nice friends."

Edith met her husband at a dance four years ago, given by the Hollywood Woman's Club, at the pretty clubhouse. They liked each other at once.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" I asked.

"Well, almost," blushed Edith. "But I don't believe in rushing into matrimony first thing just because a person attracts you."

Miss Roberts does not intend to give up her career as an actress—a career begun when she was a child.

"My husband and I had an understanding about that long ago," said Edith. "You see, I always loved my work very much. Even when my stepfather was alive, I always worked."

Which recalls that Miss Roberts was the stepdaughter of Dr.

(*Continued on page* 29)

Norma Talmadge an Arab

Norma Talmadge and *Arthur Edmund Carewe* on the verge of an emotional moment in *"The Song of Love."*

"The Song of Love," Norma's romance—"Name the Man," "The Asunder" and "The Love Master,"

Reviewed by

The gorgeous story is supplied by that master of thrilling plots, Sir Hall Caine. Flawless direction was contributed by Victor Seastrom. A cast of capable players was converted into a troupe of positively inspired players. Photography, settings, and all the details of production have been tended to with marvelous fidelitv. Nothing is lacking to make it one of the outstanding pictures of the season.

The Isle of Man, a district of intense traditions and emotions, provides the background. Against this is set a terrific human conflict based on class distinctions, inescapable circumstance, sudden passion and the superb situation provided by a man's sitting in judgment on his own sin.

The unfailing taste, intelligence, and restraint of Victor Seastrom's direction sets him definitely in the niche occupied by Rupert Julian, Lubitsch and Von Stroheim. "Name the Man" has been made satisfying to every taste. It is neither too obvious nor too obscure for anyone's clear understanding.

One of its charms is its unconventionality. Obvious situations are voided as the plague. Glory be!

Patsy Ruth Miller **comes to** ***Conrad Nagel*** **in prison to keep their bridal tryst. The final scene in** ***"Name the Man."***

"THE SONG OF LOVE"

Indoor Intrigue in Sheik Make-Up

Previewed at the First National Projection Rooms, New York Presented by Joseph M. Schenck with a cast including Norma Talmadge, Joseph Schildkraut, Arthur Edmund Carewe and Hector V. Sarno. Adapted from Margaret Peterson's novel, "Dust of Desire," and directed by Chester Franklin and Frances Marion.

Enter the Sheikess!

Norma Talmadge, having tried and succeeded in nearly everything else, has taken a flier at Sheiking. "The Song of Love," her latest, is another recruit to the ranks of African sand and sin cinemations. It is considerably better than many of the same ilk, but . . . Let's elaborate.

Norma is an Arab dancing girl. She has never been lovelier to look upon and never has she borne less resemblance to the character she is supposed to be. In spite of abbreviated bangles and spangles by way of costume, Miss Talmadge *does* look for all the world like a distinguished movie star dressed up like someone else. But who cares?

Joseph Schildkraut, deported from the "spoken drama" for the purpose, is the heavy lover. Except for a nervous habit of glancing at the camera every few seconds to see what it will do next, he has risen to the occasion manfully.

The production has been mounted with great beauty and "lavishness." Every few moments the couches and day-beds are called upon to serve as background for either a short hoochy-koochy by Norma, a thrilling sword duel, a lovely little parade of Algerian soldiers under the immaculately uniformed leadership of Schildkraut, or a perfectly dear uprising and massacre by peevish Tauregs. Plenty happens in "The Song of Love." From awfully warm love scenes on a divan to a thrilling charge of Arab horsemen, nothing is neglected.

The plot concerns the love of a dancing girl for a French military spy. . . . Work out the rest of it for yourself.

The chances are you'll like "The Song of Love."

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"NAME THE MAN"

Stirring Drama from Hall Caine Story

Previewed at the Capitol Theatre, New York. Produced by Goldwyn under the direction of Victor Seastrom, with a cast including Conrad Nagel, Hobart Bosworth, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mae Busch and Creighton Hale. From Sir Hall Caine's novel, "The Master of Man."

"Name the Man" is magnificent.

In a barrel of cinema dross it gleams forth pure gold. It is the sort of picture you feel inspired to tell your friends about. At the final fade-out the audience applauds . . . and keeps it up for days afterward. You can't put your finger on the particular thing that makes it so *darned* good. It simply has everything.

Dancing Girl in New Sheik Picture

latest, is beautifully mounted desert *Humming Bird*," "*Let Not Man Put* among other pictures of the week

John W. Vandercook

"THE HUMMING BIRD"
Gloria Doffs Her Finery

Presented at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, with a cast including Gloria Swanson, Edward Burns, William Ricciardi and Helen Lindroth. Produced by Sidney Olcott. A Paramount Picture.

Miss Gloria Swanson, after years of movie starring, has finally concluded the world now knows just exactly what she looks like in, and partly in, every known sort of exotic dinner gown and erotic evening dress. So now, with her reputation as a mannikin firmly entrenched, she has decided to put such things aside and have a try at acting . . . just for a change, you know.

In "The Humming Bird," Gloria appears in the character of an Apache daughter of the Paris gutters . . . and in negligible and ugly clothing. It's an interesting part—one that requires personality to make it thrive, and it does more than that. It throbs with a vigorous magnetism and charm few screen actresses could have brought to it.

Miss Swanson's performance is marred somewhat by her insistence on keeping her shoulders perpetually hunched and wiggling, but that is only a detail. Her remarkably expressive eyes, the startling, pale immobility of her face, and the serpentine grace of her hands, furnish the effect. It is a mature and intelligent job and one well done from every standpoint.

Its main theme deals with the regeneration of a girl thief through her love for a handsome young American newspaper man, played admirably by Edward Burns.

Sidney Olcott, the director, to whom great credit is due, has spoiled "The Humming Bird" as a mystery play by giving too much away at the beginning, but more than enough romance, heroism and suspense is left to set it apart.

Gloria Swanson, as "*The Humming Bird*," defies the *Church*, in a big moment from her latest film.

Lou Tellegen and *Helena D'Algy* in a close-up from "*Let Not Man Put Asunder.*"

"LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER"
Another Viewpoint on the Divorce Question

Presented at the Rialto Theatre, New York. with a cast including Lou Tellegen, Pauline Frederick, Helena D'Algy, Maurice Costello and Clifton Webb. Produced by J. Stuart Blackton from an adaptation of Basil King's novel.

Last week Rupert Hughes gave us his views on the divorce question in his picture, "Reno." And now J. Stuart Blackton heaves into view with his contribution on the subject.

"Let Not Man Put Asunder" has advantages, and two of these are Lou Tellegen and Pauline Frederick. An excellent cameraman was hired, and nothing was spared in the way of decorations and sets. But something slipped.

No picture in an age has smelt so very, very strongly of that curious odor which may best be described as "ham." It is a zephyr residents of Chicago know well when the wind sets right from the South Side . . . and it is not unfamiliar to those who still recall the days when you could see "Monte Cristo" and get a bag of hot popcorn, all for fifteen cents. But it does come as something of a shock on the screen of the "Newest Art."

The acting was apparently done to the tune of a collection of imbecile firecrackers. It starts and jumps and hurries and leaps in the most senseless way imaginable. The players weave their arms about, smirk, gawp and flutter. The spectator gains the impression that the entire company has, through an unfortunate accident, become afflicted with barber's itch. They just can't keep still. Even Mr. Tellegen, handsome and more gentlemanly than ever, and Pauline Frederick, in the optimistic part of a Bostonian flapper, aren't safe from the complaint. And Helena D'Algy, as Lou's first divorced wife, (*Continued on page 27*)

What shall we see at the Movies?

Tabloid reviews of recent pictures that will enable our readers to judge the probable interest to them of features playing at their local theatres.
Rating: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 80%; Poor 60%.

ANNA CHRISTIE (*Blanche Sweet*)—One of the best. Eugene O'Neill's remarkable play of strong emotions and the sea faithfully transcribed. Vivid action and gripping situations. Blanche Sweet gives a brilliant performance in the title role. You're sure to like it. 95%.

ASHES OF VENGEANCE (*Norma Talmadge*)—A fairly interesting costume film. Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle both fine. Story conventional and rather weak. 85%.

BIG BROTHER (*Tom Moore and Raymond Hatton*)—A weak and wobbly gang feud and sloppy heart - interest film. Moore and a clever cameraman struggle vainly to save it 65%.

BLACK OXEN (*Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle*)—A way-above - the - average film with a perfect cast, wonderful direction and a splendid idea. 90%.

BOY OF MINE (*Ben Alexander and Henry B. Walthall*)—An absolutely perfect little story of an American boy and his American father. The acting, direction and staging are way beyond the average. You're sure of a full share of genuine enjoyment. 95%.

THE COMMON LAW (*Corinne Griffith*)—Cheap mixture of extravagant sex stuff and indoor romance. The artist's model and wealthy painter theme. Based on a Robert W. Chambers story. 75%.

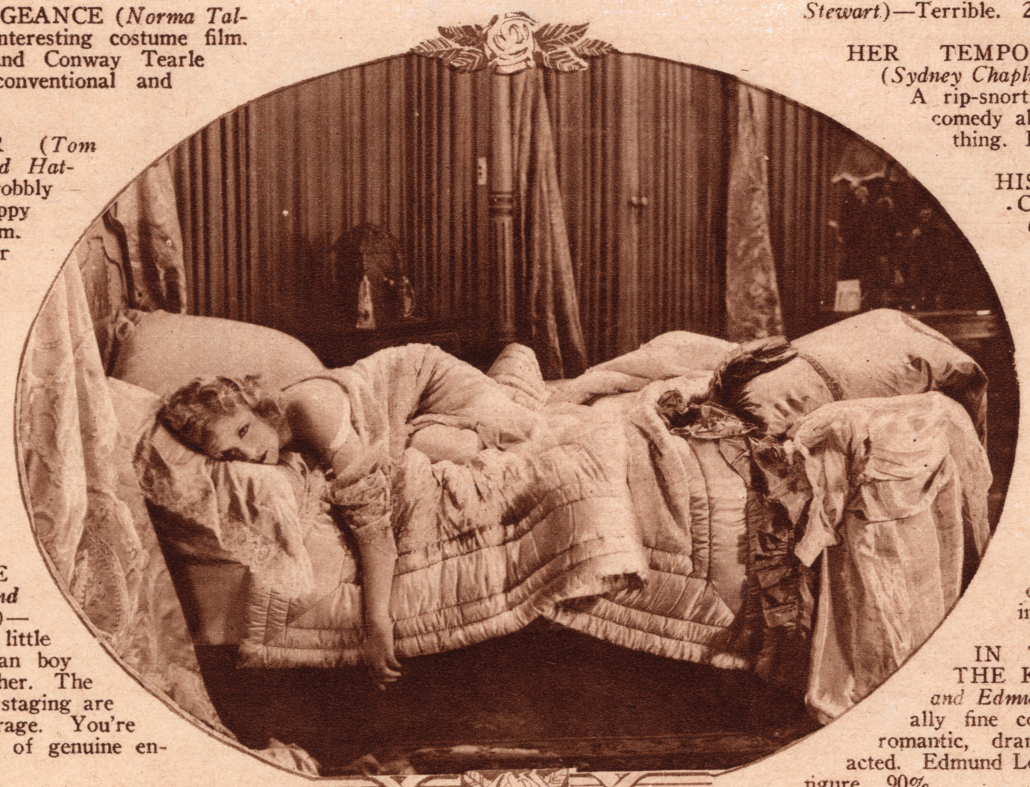
THE COURTSHIP OF MYLES STANDISH (*Charles Ray*)—A wonderful super-film of Mayflower days. Ray at his top-notch best, supported by an enormous and able cast. Lavishly mounted. 95%.

THE DANGEROUS MAID (*Constance Talmadge*)—Constance taking a flier at costume stuff. And a surprisingly successful one, too. Some real dramatic acting, but less of the star's typical sort of fun. 85%.

DAVID COPPERFIELD (*Foreign Cast*)—Delightful. Has less action but more atmosphere than most pictures. Lovers of Dickens' great novel are sure to enjoy it. And who isn't? 90%

THE DARLING OF NEW YORK (*Baby Peggy Montgomery*)—The world's most adorable baby more than making up for lack of story. Laughs a-plenty. 90%.

DON'T CALL IT LOVE (*Jack Holt and Nita Naldi*)—An interesting and cheerful bit of "refined entertainment" based on Julian Street's successful novel. William De Mille's direction and the acting of Holt, Nita Naldi and Agnes Ayres make it well worth while 85%.



***Eva Novak*, as a comfortable sufferer from "that tired feeling" in *"The Man Life Passed By,"* soon to be released.**

DULCY (*Constance Talmadge*)—How did they do it? The play was a delightful comedy, but the film is neither comic nor delightful. Constance does her best, but it isn't enough to compensate for woeful lack of action. 55%.

THE ETERNAL CITY (*Barbara La Marr*)—Marvelous settings and mob scenes, but not much else. Long and singularly dull. Richard Bennett, stage star, gives the outstanding performance of the large and uninspired cast. But he's great. 60%.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY (*Anita Stewart*)—Terrible. 20%.

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND (*Sydney Chaplin and Owen Moore*)—A rip-snorting, fast-moving farce comedy about not much of anything. Frequently funny. 80%.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN (*All Star Cast*)—A good novel gone slightly wrong. The plot grows confused. The "jazz age" theme overdone. Bebe Daniels is prominent in the cast, but has little to do. 80%.

THE HUMMING BIRD (*Gloria Swanson*)—A French Apache and war story made unusually interesting by the capable and out-of-the-ordinary acting of Gloria. 85%.

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING (*Blanche Sweet and Edmund Lowe*)—An unusually fine costume picture. It is romantic, dramatic and beautifully acted. Edmund Lowe makes a chivalrous figure. 90%.

IF WINTER COMES (*Percy Marmont*)—A. S. M. Hutchinson's famous novel brought a fraction too carefully to the screen. Marmont fine as the tragic hero, Mark Sabre. English settings beautifully reproduced. A good human story. 90%.

A LADY OF QUALITY (*Virginia Valli*)—An old-fashioned lace and peruke melodrama of lords and ladies, villains and intrigue, in England of the XVIIth Century. Virginia Valli is picturesque, but uninspired. 80%.

LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER (*Lou Tellegen and Pauline Frederick*)—A distinctly silly celluloid muddle about divorce. The direction is awful. 60%.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED (*Percy Marmont*)—A distant relative of Kipling's famous novel of the same title, but interesting, for a' that. Marmont clinches the reputation he began with "If Winter Comes." 85%.

LONG LIVE THE KING (*Jackie Coogan*)—A charm-

(*Continued on page* 25)

Movie Weekly Recommends

"ANNA CHRISTIE"
"BOY OF MINE"
"MERRY GO ROUND"
"OUR HOSPITALITY"
"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"
"NAME THE MAN"
"COURTSHIP OF MYLES STANDISH"
"BLACK OXEN"

Betty Turns Down Ardent Admirer

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

Strange as it may seem, many feminine picture stars refuse to give their photographs to mere personal admirers of the opposite sex, reserving their picture distribution to the more impersonal fans.

Betty Compson is one who has this sort of delicate reserve. A man who professed to be a suitor of Miss Compson's, begged for a picture, but she felt only friendship for the man and so refused. But he was a resourceful chap, and one day Miss Compson, supposedly being led to a new cafe, found herself suddenly at a photographer's, where she simply couldn't get out of having her picture taken. The photographer promised the triumphant suitor a dozen of the pictures, one for himself and the other eleven to be presented to Miss Compson. But the tables were turned. Betty came out ahead after all.

"And the next thing I heard," declared the suitor ruefully, "was that Betty was engaged to Jimmy Cruze! I called on Jimmy one day—and then I found out what became of my pictures! There was one of these expensive photos which I had paid for staring me in the face from his dresser!"

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Carmel Myers Buys a Mountain

Carmel Myers is going to buy a mountain. And like Mahomet, finding she can't make the thing come to her, she is going to it. It is this way. Property fifteen and twenty miles away from Los Angeles that a dozen years ago was virtually worthless is today valued at a fortune because it has been made accessible by the automobile. And so mountain tops, which take a day or two to reach now, because of lack of a road or even a trail, will be worth a fortune in a dozen years or less, Miss Myers figures, for the aeroplane will bring them closer to the city.

"The helicopter, which goes straight up in the air and can hover there, motionless, will be developed to the point where it can be parked on the roof of an office building," Miss Myers prophecies. "Already they have stayed in the air for several minutes. They are at a greater stage of development than the airplane was fifteen years ago and progress will necessarily be more rapid.

"When a man can alight from his helicopter on top of his office building and have an attendant take the machine off to a hangar a half dozen miles away, when he can fly to his mountain home thirty or forty miles away in fifteen or twenty minutes—who, then, will want to live near the city?"

So if you own a nice mountain, with a site for a few imposing homes on its summit, get in touch with Miss Myers.

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The Stars Are Leaving Hollywood

The exodus from Hollywood to Europe continues. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are leaving about the first of February for New York, and they will proceed thence to London and Paris.

Miss Pickford says that she may make a picture abroad, probably in England, if she finds the right story.

Another traveler to foreign parts will be Madge Bellamy, whose contract with Thomas H. Ince expires in the course of eight months. Miss Bellamy, her father and mother, will leave for England shortly after the expiration of her current contract, according to present plans. She has an offer to appear in a new play in London, with the picture rights also assured her, and the young star expects to make a picture in England.

And, of course, both the Gish girls are in Italy filming "Romola," and when Richard Barthelmess completes "The Enchanted Cottage," he is going over there to make "Romeo and Juliet" with Lillian.

Carmel Myers, in *"Slave of Desire,"* wears the real thing in a dinner dress, a gown made of gayly colored table cloth! CLARENCE BULL

William Russell Gets Sportive

We always knew that William Russell had a sporting streak in him, but now he goes and proves it absolutely by buying a couple of race horses. He expects to put the animals into professional action very soon.

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Madge Bellamy Has a Comeback

You can't beat these clever ingenues. Take Madge Bellamy, for instance. Madge has a friend who is rather noteworthy for being what is colloquially known as "near." In other words, stingy. She sent Madge no Christmas gift, but afterward said, "I know I didn't send you any Christmas present, but when is your birthday?"

"Oh," replied Madge sweetly, "as they say in 'Alice in Wonderland,' why not send me an unbirthday present?"

And now nothing stands between the cagey lady and giving Madge what she asks for.

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Those Blue Laws Get Kidded Again

The blue laws are coming in for a lot of kidding out in Los Angeles among the film folks. Jackie Saunders gave a party for twenty orphan children on Christmas day. She was telling James Horne, director, about it.

"Were the kids drunk?" he demanded in mock sternness.

"Certainly not!" answered Jackie indignantly.

"How late did they stay?" he asked.

"Oh, until about eight," answered Jackie.

"Too late for orphans," said James, "if I'd known about it, I'd have put on whiskers and raided the party!"

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The Movies Come Back to Normalcy

All the studios are getting ready for business once more. Warner Brothers are to start out with a big program, as are also Famous Players-Lasky. And with Valentino's return assured, it looks like a good year all 'round.

Most of the big studios are reopening, so it looks as if the screen players would begin to get out the old pocketbooks once more and fill them.

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Louise Lorraine Follows the Birds

The birds that go South in winter have nothing on Louise Lorraine. She packed her grip to take a trip and sailed a few weeks ago for the Argentine. Louise has been working very hard for a whole year in "The Fighting Blood" series, and decided that she needed a rest. Then, most conveniently, just when she was wondering where to go, along came an offer to appear in a big production which will aim to glorify the pioneers who settled the big cities of Latin America.

Although she had several other offers for pictures in this country, her spirit of adventure found the long voyage so thrilling that she packed her trunks, gave all her friends a fond farewell and off she went.

She will be gone for several months.

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Betty Blythe Celebrates Old Home Week Abroad

Betty Blythe writes home from Europe that she doesn't seem to have left her friends behind her at all. Most of them seem to have come right along, too. In Paris she met Rex Ingram and Arthur Edmund Carewe. Then she went on to Rome and ran into Henry King, who is there directing "Romola," and Charles Brabin. Betty announced that both meetings made her feel as if she had hit upon old home week.

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Your old friend, Tommy Meighan, has come East, young man, come East, permanently. He has ever been wont to drop in on us Manhattanites rather frequently during the long periods during which he was supposed to be working on the Coast, but he's quit the California climate for good now. He has a trick contract that allows it, it seems.

You'll see him here, there and everywhere along Broadway nowadays. No first night at the theatre is complete without his smiling, towering presence.

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Carmel Myers had to make a hurried trip from Hollywood to Los Angeles and she was trying her best to figure out how it could be done without violating the speed law of twenty miles an hour.

Luck was with her. She met a motorcycle cop whom she knew.

"My speedometer seems to run slow," she complained, "will you help me test it?"

Obligingly the cop sped up to twenty-five miles an hour.

"I'm only registering twenty-three," said Carmel.

When the cop sped up to thirty-one, Carmel declared that her speedometer showed only twenty-nine.

Finally he reached the open road limit of thirty-five miles.

"I show thirty-three now," said Carmel with a triumphant smile, noting that they had reached downtown Los Angeles—her destination.

But she doesn't dare try to get away with that again!

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Alice Calhoun suffered quite a shock on her return recently from a hard day's work in "Flowing Gold." The shock had to do with Frisco, one of her two black cats.

Frisco suddenly disappeared and two days' search failed to reveal his whereabouts. But on the evening in question, Miss Calhoun's chauffeur abruptly threw on the brakes and shouted, "There's Frisco." The little black kitten lay in the gutter, dreadfully dead.

With tears in her eyes and a sob in her throat, Alice wrapped the corpse in a newspaper and proceeded sadly homeward, intending to give Frisco the funeral honors he merited.

And on the porch stood Mrs. Calhoun, anxiously awaiting her daughter's return, while in her arms playfully frolicked Frisco, all nine lives delightfully intact.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Dorothy Gish writes home from Italy, where she is filming "Romola," that she has discovered a new system of arithmetic.

"I wanted to buy a lire's worth of peanuts the other day," she wrote, "a lire representing about five cents in American money. The vendor scratched his head and confessed he couldn't figure out how many peanuts that would be.

"'But I can sell you a penny's worth,' he declared brightly.

"So I made five purchases, twelve peanuts at a time, until I had the amount I wanted."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Barbara La Marr, Ramon Novarro, and others of the "Thy Name Is Woman" company were on location filming scenes when they stopped for lunch in a small cabin nearby.

Miss La Marr observed a well-executed portrait on the wall of a dark room in the cabin and asked whose picture it was.

"That's my husband," said the woman of the house.

"But it is hung with fatal effect," observed the actress, glancing at its dark surroundings.

"So was my husband!" snapped the woman.

The Reel Dope

No celebrity in any walk of life is safe from the movies nowadays. The payroll is calculated to go to any and every head. Among the latest additions to the ranks of its toilers are George Randolph Chester, the writer, and Charles E. Blaney, the famous Melodrama King. Chester's story, "Red Roses," a tale of a politician's romance, is to be done in screen form by Vitagraph, and Blaney is personally supervising the production of "One Law for a Woman," with Mildred Harris and Cecil Spooner in the leading parts. "The Love Bandit," the first Blaney opus to reach the screen, has been released.

◈ ◈ ◈

Have Western pictures gone out of fashion? They have not! Monogram Pictures Corp. have just announced they are to do a series of six special Western features starring Fred Thompson, the stunt actor, who was world's champion all-round athlete for three consecutive years. "The Mask of Lopez" is to be the first of the sextette.

◈ ◈ ◈

William J. Locke's popular novel, "The Tale of Triona," has been disguised under the nit-wit title of "The Fool's Awakening" and is to be released by Metro.

Alberta Vaughn, star of *"The Telephone Girl"* series, gives 'em the laugh.

◈ ◈ ◈

The backwardness of winter in coming forward may be all very nice for the street cleaning departments and the umbrella manufacturers, but it's just naturally ruined D. W. Griffith's disposition. He's been waiting weeks and weeks at his Mamaroneck studio, lying on his distinguished back, gazing peevishly at the clear skies. For until a real, honest-to-goodness snowstorm, such as grandfather used to freeze his feet in, comes along, nothing whatever can be done about the Valley Forge and Washington Crossing the Delaware and such-like scenes in his special historic production, "America." Isn't it tough?

◈ ◈ ◈

Wesley Barry hasn't passed out of the picture frame for good. He's due back very soon in a film called "George Washington, Jr.," a screen adaptation of George M. Cohan's stage success. In Wes' supporting cast are Gertrude Olmsted, Charles Conklin and William Courtwright.

◈ ◈ ◈

Richard Barthelmess will next be visible to the naked eye of Fanland in a picturization of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Enchanted Cottage," which John S. Robertson is now directing in the East. May McAvoy has the feminine lead, and the story deals chiefly with life after death and spooks and h'ants and such-like other-worldly things.

◈ ◈ ◈

Lou Tellegen is to play the lead in "Between Friends," the picture production of Robert Chambers' novel, which J. Stuart Blackton is now directing for Vitagraph.

◈ ◈ ◈

"Sherlock, Jr." is the title of Buster Keaton's latest and next, it has been definitely decided.

◈ ◈ ◈

Charlie Chaplin is going to fulfill his promise of "at least one" of his own comedies each year with a gold-mining narrative. Yes, sir, Brother Charles will be seen in the heroic guise of a gold prospector of the Truckee sort, pick and shovel and everythin'. Edna Purviance will have the leading lady's job, as usual.

◈ ◈ ◈

Dore Davidson, the movies' prize portrayer of Jewish types, will be Isidor Solomon in David Belasco's screen production of Aaron Hoffman's stage comedy, "Welcome Stranger," which Warner Brothers is going to produce. Davidson was the father in "Humoresque," remember?

◈ ◈ ◈

Lew Cody is to be Dan, he who is shot, in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." He got the job on sheer merit, so to speak, as the result of a popular vote of over five hundred leading exhibitors. 'Twas a landslide in his favor.

The Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress

(Continued from page 11)

"I w-wish he was b-back," sobbed Hazel. "I want him and I want to be in pictures, too. Oh, I didn't want life to be like this!"

I tried to cheer her up with the idea that she could marry Jimmy when she had finished with "Below the Equator" and thus have a taste of fame before she settled down. But I knew in my heart that I spoke lies. A taste of film fame is to a girl what gas is to a balloon. It sends them right up into the clouds.

LUCKILY we had a very busy week ahead of us and Hazel, after a couple of days of moping, had little time to think of her troubles. Paul was rushing "Below the Equator" so he could take the company to San Diego down on the Mexican border the next week to make the biggest scenes showing a South American revolution with a lot of exciting minor adventures thrown in. Manley's company had started work on "Pharaoh's Daughters," a modern society problem play in which Isabel had the lead. Both companies were working at night, Paul's on a balcony scene between Marford and Hazel, and Manley's on a stupendous bathing carnival in which the girl's suits were mere wisps of silk and ribbon. The wardrobe department had been in a perfect frenzy of work getting all the costumes completed.

The bathing carnival was to be filmed round the outdoor pond and fountain which was in the courtyard at the studio entrance. Old Neptune had a silver throne built up over the fountain and directed the revelry in which the girls in the scanty costumes were picked up by courtiers and thrown into the pond. It seemed silly stuff to me and was going to cost the company thousands of extra dollars, but a young woman scenario writer in horn-rimmed specks, who was supposed to be very brilliant, had insisted on writing it into the script and no one had questioned her judgment. I could not see that it added one thing to the picture. However, mine not to reason why, mine to concoct "bathing suits" out of figured silk and gold lace!

Night scenes make a busy hum of activity around a studio and a tired lot of actors and workers trailing home in the early hours of morning. The balcony scenes for "Below the Equator" were being filmed just outside one of the big stages down by the wardrobe department, so the two centers of activity were some distance apart. The studio was a blaze of light. Curious sight-seers parked their autos outside the fence, hoping for a glimpse of what was going on inside. The cafe was running full blast dishing out spaghetti, beef stew, artichokes and toast to cameramen, electricians, directors and stars, their selection of food depending largely on their lines of work. As may be guessed, the stars inclined to the artichokes and toast.

I was kept so busy pinning up torn draperies round the bathing scene that I had no time to see how Paul's company was coming with the balcony stuff. I saw Hazel departing for town with Billie in his car shortly after midnight and waved them good-bye. I was glad the child had such a good friend to look after her. Manley's company did not expect to get through with their scenes until well toward morning and that meant that I must stay, too, for the bathing beauties were constantly needing some repair to their flimsy attire. I thought grimly to myself that it was well Jimmy could not see the free and easy actions round the bathing pool. The script called for "sensuous abandon" and believe me, they lived up to it!

SCANTILY clad women reclining in the arms of men round the edges of the pool certainly tried to put the last touch of realism into their acting. One saucy little brunette, whose suit consisted of a slip of cream-colored silk covered with pink rosebuds, was thrown into the pool. There was a rip, a shriek and the girl was fished out playfully, trying to hold together the edges of her bloomers, if such they might be called. They were merely puffs of silk and ended far above her knees. How the men roared! Old Neptune brandished his sceptre and made some ribald remark which increased the hilarity. To me it was disgusting. I accompanied the saucy little extra back to the wardrobe department to repair the damages.

It took some little time, and after that there were a number of things demanding my attention. It must have been after two o'clock when at last I looked about with a tired sigh and decided I could safely go home. I had dismissed all the girls and was locking up for the night when I noticed a bright light down by Stage 4, where they had been filming the balcony scene. A crowd of people were gathered round. Something must be wrong, as I knew Paul had quit work long ago. I hurried down. In front of the big closed door were Isabel and a group of studio employees, including the night watchman.

"I tell you they are in there," Isabel was saying shrilly. "I've been suspecting this for some time. Open that door, Thomas!" The old watchman was fumbling with his keys. They were all peering toward the door like a lot of vultures.

"Smart little girl, eh, to use this handsome boudoir set as a rendezvous with her lover!" Isabel said venomously. I knew that she must have reference to a dainty interior set which they had been using for some of the scenes in "Below the Equator." But what was it all about? Whom was Isabel trailing? Could it be Scrivener? Surely she would not be so mad! Still, you never can tell what may happen in the movies.

The big doors swung open. A light flashed on, revealing the pink and gold daintiness of the little room. I gasped. There on the couch lay Hazel, sound asleep, her dark curls spread over the pillow. In one of the big carved chairs sat Billie, apparently awakened out of a nap by the startled expression on his face.

The innocent little tableau was so much different from what I know Isabel had expected and, in fact, hoped for, that she was for the moment at a loss for words. Then she quickly found her tongue. She swept into the little room. By this time Hazel was awake and looking at Isabel with startled eyes.

"I should think you *would* look surprised, Miss Angel Face," said Isabel. "Sneaking off down here with my husband while I am hard at work trying to earn enough money for him and me both to live on! This is the thanks I get for it. I've been suspecting for some time that this was going on. Now, I've caught you, and——"

"Stop that, you hypocrite!"

IT REMINDED me of a panther, Billie's sudden, quick spring toward her. He grasped Isabel by both shoulders and shook her until one of her long emerald earrings flew into a corner.

"You lie and you know you lie!" he shouted. "You know we were locked in here by accident. You try to get something on me while everybody round the studio knows how you've been carrying on—I gave up everything to come out here with you, and you——"

His voice choked with rage. Suddenly he seemed to see Isabel in her true colors. All the veneer of culture and womanliness had dropped from her in that moment when she had triumphantly flung open the doors and discovered what she hoped was a secret meeting between her husband and Hazel.

"Oh, you scheming liar!" Billie snarled, and suddenly his firm brown hands had slid from her shoulder to her slender white throat. "I've had all I'm going to stand from you. And you're going to get down on your knees and apologize to this innocent girl you have tried to slander!"

He was choking her. Isabel's eyes bulged wildly. Her hands clawed futilely at those strong fingers closing round her throat with such deadly pressure. She looked a pitiable thing, all her haughty poise and assurance gone, her hair disheveled, her velvet cloak dragging from her shoulders. A couple of the men started forward.

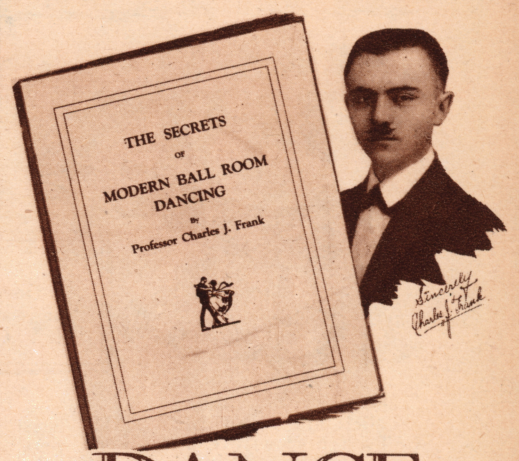
"Keep your hands off!" ordered Billie. He released his hold on her throat and ruthlessly grabbed her by the hair with one hand, while with the other he got a firm grip on her arm. His mouth a grim line, he dragged the almost insensible Isabel across to Hazel, who was standing in front of the couch, almost petrified.

"Now apologize for your beastly insinuations," he ordered his wife. Isabel gave a gasping sob and Hazel quickly put her hand on Billie's arm as though in appeal for the other woman.

But Billie paid not the slightest bit of attention.

"Are you going to apologize?" he said fiercely, his hands reaching out again for that slim white throat. All the caveman in him, which had been repressed, held down by his infatuation for his wife had suddenly leapt into life. He was utterly inexorable.

(Continued on page 30)



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WHEN WALKING, DID YOU EVER TRY TO PASS SOMEONE coming from the opposite direction, and have to dodge from side to side, and two-step around, and finally b-u-m-p! *I beg your pardon!*

DID YOU EVER TRY TO SING with someone who was always off key? You are warbling merrily along in B-flat and right in the middle of your most ambitious effort—horrors! what discord.

It's discouraging. Isn't it?

BUT STILL IT IS NO WORSE than dancing with someone who is hoppy and jumpy or one who has to be shoved and pulled around. You know the kind—always spilling over with excuses. *Excuse me!*

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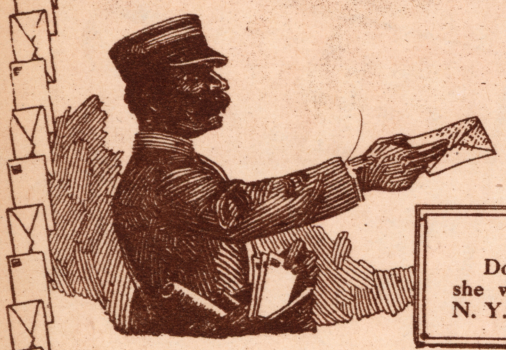

Old Fashioned Girl Likes Ralph Graves

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT—You know, I've always wondered about that. What did the cat want to know? Malcolm MacGregor's picture has already been published in the center of Movie Weekly for March 31, 1923. Ramon Novarro's picture will be in in a few weeks. Reginald Denny is in his late twenties. He is six feet tall and has dark hair and eyes. Yes, Rex Ingram played in pictures long ago. He is about five feet nine and is a brunette. George O'Hara's picture was published in Movie Weekly for June 23, 1923.

KATHRYN THOMAS — I'm sure it must have been quite a time, as you say, since you asked any questions. You'd need quite a time to think of all you finally asked. Gloria Swanson is about twenty-seven. Norma Talmadge has brown eyes. Priscilla Dean doesn't play oftener because her Universal contract ran out and she hasn't signed up with any other company.

F. J. S.—Matt Moore is the Moore brother you refer to. Ramon Novarro is twenty-four and unmarried.

BLANCHE — Mabel Julienne Scott was the leading woman—the Indian girl—in "Behold My Wife." No, Mildred Davis and Marion Davies are not sisters; their names are not even spelled alike. Anyway, Marion's real name is Douras. No, it doesn't seem that Rudolph will play Romeo; Richard Barthelmess is the latest candidate for that role.

OLD-FASHIONED — You are half in love with Ralph Graves? I trust that Ralph Graves likes the old-fashioned girl. He lives at 4 W. 50th St., New York.

TONY—I see you like the tall gentlemen. Ricardo Cortez and Richard Dix are both about six feet. Warner Oland's address is Hollywood Hotel, Hollywood. William Farnum's address is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Franklyn Farnum and Bessie Barriscale have not played in pictures for several years, so I don't know where they can be reached. Colleen Moore lives at 7119 S. Grand View, Los Angeles.

BETTY GREEN—It's been a long time since I've heard from you, Betty, and I'm glad to see something green again with spring so far away. Robert McKim lives at 708 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal. He is thirty-six years old; I believe he is married. He is six feet tall and weighs 175.

KITTY—You will call me a jewel if I answer your questions. Now if you had said give instead of call——. Antonio Moreno was married last spring to Mrs. Daisy Danziger. He is Spanish. His latest picture is "Flaming Barriers" and his address is Los Angeles Athletic Club. Marion Davies is not married and neither is Charles De Roche. The latter's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Doug, Jr., made one picture, "Stephen Steps Out."

A FLAPPER—I like flappers; I love to hear them flap. Gaston Glass is about twenty-seven; he is five feet eleven. Ramon Novarro is twenty-four and is about five feet eight. Robert Agnew is five feet eight and a half and is twenty-four. They are all unmarried. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is thirteen.

A shreik in the dark—in which little *Farina* says a mouthful. From *"Our Gang"* comedies.

C. C.—Yes, of course I see. Kenneth Harlan is twenty-eight. He lives at 1327 Le Moyne St., Los Angeles. He is divorced from Flo Hart.

A FAN—I much prefer a radiator to a fan right at this moment. Agnes Ayres is about twenty-five; she is divorced from Frank Schusker. Her address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

A. B. C.—That sounds like the alphabet soup. Glenn Hunter is playing in Chicago in "Merton of the Movies." Yes, he did live at the Hotel Des Artists when he was in New York. His permanent home address is Highland Mills, New York. Glenn is twenty-six. Eugene O'Brien just finished playing opposite Norma in "The Song of Love." You can reach the Famous Players Long Island Studio on the Astoria Subway (Queensborough line). Get off at Washington St. The studio is at Sixth and Pierce.

DEMETRIUS—Yes, J. Warren Kerrigan was born in this country—Louisville, Ky. I don't know of any recent pictures that George Rigas has played in.

L. M.—"Monte Cristo" was produced by the Fox Film Co., with John Gilbert and Estelle Taylor in the two leading roles. Maurice Costello was born in Pittsburgh; I don't know his age.

LITTLE CATHERINE—I see you are interested in the little stars. Baby Peggy's address is c-o Principal Pictures Corp., 1540 Broadway, New York. Jackie Coogan grows so fast I can't very well keep statistics of his age and weight. His address is Metro, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Miriam Battista is nine years old. She lives at 362 W. 45th St., New York. She has been in movies about four years.

BABE—So you're in love with Richard Dix? There's nothing exclusive about that; two-thirds of the feminine fans are in love with him. He has dark brown hair and grey eyes. He gets so many letters, I don't know whether he would have time to answer them or not, but he will send out his photograph.

SUNSHINE—It's nice to have a letter bring in a little sunshine on a rainy day like this. Richard Barthelmess' address is Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York. His hobby is reading.

PERIWINKLE—Madame Olga Petrova always answers all her fan mail herself, on her own typewriter. She lives at Great Neck, Long Island.

I. M. A. QUEEN—If you were waiting patiently for your answers, as you suggest, there's one thing you can't kick about. I gave you plenty of time to wait. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans and they live at 5857 Harold Way, Hollywood. He is five feet eleven, weighs 150 and is a brunette. Pauline Garon is nineteen; her address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. She is not married. John Bowers is six feet tall and about thirty years old. His address is Metro, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

MOONSHINE — Sunshine and moonshine all in the same day—too much! So you think I am funny? They wanted me to be a clown once—that would have been a circus, wouldn't it? Mary and Doug live at Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal. They find their chief recreation in long horseback rides.

A MOVIE FAN—Lucille Ricksen is fifteen; she lives at Culver City, Cal. Marie Prevost is twenty-five. No, she isn't married. I know practically nothing about Hope Drown; she doesn't play in movies regularly. "Hollywood" was about her only picture.

FULLA CURIOSITY—Well, it's better to be full of curiosity than some things I could mention. No, Mrs. Wallace Reid isn't making pictures regularly. It's hard to tell who the two most popular men stars are, but Valentino and Ramon Novarro seem to be top-notchers.

SPANISH BELL—Perhaps you are right, and Conway Tearle looks sad because he has been disappointed in love. At any rate, he has been married three times. However, his present marriage, to Adele Rowland, is a very happy one. He is American.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

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What Shall We See At the Movies?

(*Continued from page 20*)

ing fairy-tale sort of film in which Jackie plays the part of a young Prince. Little story and too much padding, but Jackie supplies more than enough entertainment to go 'round. 90%.

THE LOVE MASTER (*Strongheart*)—A typical Strongheart outdoor picture. Has some excellent scenery and several thrills. 75%.

NAME THE MAN (*Conrad Nagel*)—A superbly dramatic version of a Hall Caine novel. Infinitely well done from every standpoint. 95%.

OUR HOSPITALITY (*Buster Keaton*)—An even better-than-typical Buster Keaton comedy. More than the ordinary allotment of new gags and situations. Natalie Talmadge makes a splendid leading lady for Friend Husband. 90%.

PONJOLA (*Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood*)—A dramatic but slightly addled tale of Africa, based on Cynthia Stockley's popular novel. Miss Nilsson, her golden locks shorn for the purpose, masquerades as a man. 80%.

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER (*Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr*)—A real, honest-to-goodness comedy, based on the delightful stage farces of the same title. Bernard gives one of the best humorous performances the screen has seen. The whole picture is in excellent taste and filled with action. 95%.

THE RENDEZVOUS (*Lucille Ricksen and Elmo Lincoln*)—A modern Russian melodrama made more than commonly interesting by Marshall Neilan. 85%.

RENO (*Lew Cody and Helene Chadwick*)—In which Rupert Hughes succeeds in showing that the divorce laws are all wrong. Confused and a trifle dull. 65%.

ROSITA (*Mary Pickford*)—Lovely to look upon, but a bit feeble to think about. Mary isn't quite the person for the part—that of a Spanish street singer. Good, regular entertainment, though. Just don't expect too much. 85%.

THE SONG OF LOVE (*Norma Talmadge*)—A desert romance of the conventional sort interesting chiefly from the pictorial standpoint. The star, the settings and the costumes are lovely. 80%.

STEPHEN STEPS OUT (*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*)—A completely pleasing, adventurous, cheerful sort of American boy story. Doug, Jr. has inherited a lot and then some. He's the most likable lad in filmdom, and a genuinely capable actor. 90%.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (*All Star Cast*)—A superb modern melodrama preceded by one of the most pretentious prologues in movie annals. Trick photography, a perfect cast, magnificent settings, a real plot—everything has gone into the making of a nearly perfect super-feature. 95%.

THREE MILES OUT (*Madge Kennedy*)—Chiefly Madge being pretty and very amusing in a fast and furious comedy-melodrama of love, bootlegging, and hard-boiled sailors. It's never dull. 80%.

TO THE LADIES (*Edward Horton and Helen Jerome Eddy*)—A really superlative comedy, due mainly to the direction of James Cruze. A pretty safe bet. 90%.

THE WAY MEN LOVE (*Elliott Dexter*)—Not a bit the way it sounds. Just a simple, sentimental and wholesome story about a man and his goodness. Dexter comes back strong. 85%.

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER (*Glenn Hunter*)—Glenn Hunter and May McAvoy contributing the best work of their careers to an excellent drama of American small-town life. 90%.

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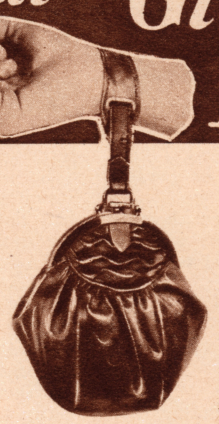

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The Trail I Struck to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 15)

little Southern town . . . one who was not used to such things as they were. As we danced, I kept telling myself that the evening would be perfect if only——

But, of course, I could hardly expect him to dance with me. Mr. Barrow had been wonderfully kind to me and all that. I should be satisfied, I said to myself. And then, just as these thoughts were going through my mind, he came up behind me.

"Now, Margery," he said, "may I cheat this lucky young man out of one pleasure? May we dance?"

In a twinkling I was in his arms, waltzing to a tune that I loved. When we finished, my evening had been made perfect!

On the way home with Mr. Murray in a cab, I asked him which lady at the party was Mrs. Barrow. Of course I would have recognized her from her pictures and from having seen her that one day in the store, but I wanted to see what Mr. Murray would have to say about her being absent from the party.

"Mrs. Barrow . . . oh, she was not there at all! She is in Paris at present—er—replenishing her wardrobe, I think," he answered in an uncertain sort of tone.

At the door he asked if he might see me again, and I told him "yes," thinking he might take me out some time where Mr. Barrow would be.

"ONE OPAL NIGHT" remained on Broadway for nearly three months. During that time many wonderful things happened for me. Mr. Barrow had cast me in a good part for one of his next pictures. I had seen myself in the movie made at the Star Studio, and was very pleased with it. Although I had never heard anything further about the doubling work for Miss G——— over there, I didn't think much about it as long as Mr. Barrow had taken such an interest in my ambitions and dreams. Once, when I told him about the proposition they had made to me, he said:

"Yes, there is a resemblance, remarkably so. But, having seen Miss G——— many times, off the stage and screen, I can honestly saw that there is more quality to your beauty than there is to her own. She has been in Europe, you know, for the past few months. That is the reason, perhaps, you have not heard anything from her director as to work."

He was always saying something lovely like that to me . . . that is, when there was any occasion to do so. But if he had told me nice things every hour of the day, I would have been very glad.

Of course, mother and I moved to a cosy little apartment as soon as I had made money enough to take one. Consequently we hardly ever saw Jimmy Mulligan. Not that I had forgotten dear old Jimmy at all. He was often in my thoughts. But, you see, my work, and the fact that we didn't live near his beat kept us apart.

I was thinking of this one night when the apartment bell rang.

Of all people, it was Jimmy Mulligan!

Both mother and I were delighted to see him. I came very near throwing my arms around his neck.

"Gee, you look like a million dollars, Margery!" he said, standing back and appraising me from head to foot. His genuine compliment made me blush very much.

"You look sort of prosperous yourself, Jimmy," I returned, looking at his rather snappy-looking civilian clothes.

"Oh, I've quit the force," he said, off-handedly.

"Jimmy! You're no longer an officer? What are you doing?" mother and I asked in a chorus.

"I'm a detective," he announced. "You see, I was studying the game two years before I went over to it."

For a long time I told Jimmy about my work and what we had been doing since we last saw him. Several times I saw him studying me out of the corner of his eyes.

"Well, I'm glad of one thing, Margery," he said when my mother went out of the living room to make some coffee and sandwiches.

"What's that, Jimmy?" I asked, smiling at him.

"That you haven't married any of these picture birds yet," he said.

Somehow his unexpected statement brought a vision to me . . . a vision that for three months had not failed daily and nightly to mingle with the dreams I still cherished about love and life. Jimmy seemed to fade from his chair for a moment and in his place I saw John Barrow.

"Oh, Jimmy!" was all I could find to answer, but the sound of my own voice brought me back to the present, and the fact that it was Jimmy sitting in front of me.

"Guess you don't know why I came here especially tonight, do you?" he asked in a low voice.

"To see us, of course," I said.

"Naturally, but there's another reason, too. I've seen that fellow Marsden once more, Margery. Just before I got out of the uniform, he came along my beat. He got talking to me, and said he knew you had moved and was going to find out where you were and what you were doing. If I hadn't been on the force, I would have given him all that's coming to him for the lies he's spread around about you. I asked him why he wanted to get in touch with you. I got his address from him by saying I'd let him know as soon as I found out. Of course I had it all the time. Last night I called him up and gave it to him. He said, 'I'm going around there tomorrow night and see her!' Has he been here yet?"

"No, Jimmy. But I wish you hadn't told him anything about us," I said.

"I only told him because I knew I would come up here and make him take back those things, in writing, or——" Jimmy's big fists clinched and a terrible look came into his eyes.

"Oh, Jimmy," I said in alarm, "please don't do anything to get us in trouble!" I implored.

"There'll be no trouble for anybody but him," he said grimly.

The words had hardly left his mouth when the bell rang.

"That's the little rat now, I'll bet!" grated Jimmy. "Let him come up and I'll hide behind the curtain of that closet," he said, moving over to the draperies that hung in front of a little alcove dressing room.

I PRESSED the latch button and waited. At the sound of a knock upon my door, I opened it. Can you imagine the start I got when I saw Mr. Barrow standing outside, his high silk hat in his hand.

"Oh, Mr. Barrow!" I cried, my heart jumping at the sight of him, my blood racing through my veins. "What a surprise! I—I never dreamed it was you——"

"Expecting someone else, perhaps. Is that it, Margery?" he asked in that voice of his that thrilled me every time I heard it.

"No—no—not quite that. I—just didn't expect you," I floundered. "Won't you come in . . . and . . . and sit down?" I asked. The nervousness that had suddenly swept over me was in every word I uttered, and every move I made. But this was only natural, I guess, under the circumstances. Expecting to see Eddie Marsden, and knowing that Jimmy was hiding behind the curtains, was enough to upset anyone. Knowing how keen Mr. Barrow was, I figured that he certainly realized I was strangely shaken up over his coming.

"Mother out?" he asked, taking off his hat and gloves.

"N-o," I replied, slowly. "She is out in the kitchenette making a little coffee and some sandwiches. We felt . . . a . . . little hungry," I explained. "I'll run out and tell her to make enough for you," I went on, anxious to get out there and tell her not to mention Jimmy's absence when she came in. You see, I did not want to let Mr. Barrow know Jimmy was in the apartment. It would be so awkward explaining his hiding.

"Please do not. I had a very late dinner, and could not touch a thing right now."

"You are sure?" I asked, trying to persuade him.

"Absolutely," he said. "Now I suppose you are curious as to my unexpected visit?" he smiled.

"Y-e-s," I admitted, not knowing what else to say or do.

"Margery, I have received some very big and important news tonight. News which is going to take me off on a trip I have long planned for a picture. You know my sort of mania for doing island and sea stories. Well, I have long wanted to go down to the real South Seas to do a . . . well, you might call it a dream picture of mine.

"But certain circumstances have necessitated my remaining in New York or the vicinity, for some time past. These circumstances are removed now," he said, reaching into his pocket and drawing out a paper which looked like it might be a telegram or a cablegram.

"You know," he said, "I own a studio at Hollywood, and it is my intention to take my cast out there for the interior scenes, sail from San Francisco to the South Seas, and get the exteriors down there. Now, this is where you come in," he said, still fingering the folded paper he had drawn out of his coat pocket, "I have half a mind to give you the leading part in my picture . . . that is . . ."

I sat there holding my breath as he paused in his speech. What was he going to say?

Suddenly the bell rang, just as my mother appeared on the threshold of the door leading to our bedroom and kitchenette. Her appearance and the ringing bell interrupted everything else. I picked up the door phone as she greeted Mr. Barrow. My whole body trembled as if with a chill, for I had a terrible feeling that it was Eddie Marsden.

It was!

"I'm sorry, Eddie, but I can't see you. I'm very busy——"

"Margery—Margery——"

I stopped talking and turned around at this call. My face went white and my arms felt as if they were freezing as I saw Jimmy Mulligan bursting through the curtains of his hiding place. Mother and Mr. Barrow had both turned and were staring at him as if he were an apparition of some kind. Mother seemed frightened. But Mr. Barrow's eyes held more of a puzzled, baffled expression as he looked from Jimmy to mother, and finally to me.

"Let him come up, Margery. Good God, he's got to square up with you. Now's the time. Right here. The lying rat!" shouted Jimmy, his face flushed with the excitement and anger of the moment.

For a few seconds I felt as if I were swaying dizzily upon my feet. I simply didn't know what to do. It was John Barrow's voice that brought me back to my presence of mind.

(*Continued on page* 29)

Would You Like to be One of Our Editors?

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

You know, it used to be said that a woman always read the last part of a book first.

When you read Movie Weekly, do you ever stop and think which page you first turn to and which page, after all, you have enjoyed the most?

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Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 19)

is worst of all. She isn't the worst in the world, but then . . . competition is strong.

The story is something about a collection of people who simply can't be nice and sweet and dull like their dear, dead ancestors. The view Blackton takes is strictly "fundamentalist" . . . and hopelessly idiotic.

Several characters are supposed to be members of the English aristocracy. If England sees this picture and we have a bloody war, don't say we didn't give fair warning.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"THE LOVE MASTER"

A Clean Lungful of Air and Entertainment

Previewed at the First National Projection Rooms, New York. Presented with a cast including Strongheart, Lady Jule Von Helmetal, Harold Austin and Lillian Rich. Directed by Laurence Trimble.

Strongheart has always been one of our favorite leading men. He is capable of showing more emotion, and less self-consciousness than almost any gentleman in the acting profession. So it doesn't matter much to us whether his "starring mediums" are good, bad, or indifferent. "The Love Master" isn't really great shakes, but it is filmed in the mountains during the snowy season and it has Strongheart, so it more than serves.

There is something rather slight in the way of a story about a young man who is a fugitive from justice—(you suspect from the very first there is a mistake somewhere)—and a girl who just knows he's a perfect gentleman, but the greater proportion of the reelage is devoted to close-ups of the marvelous scenery where Strongheart hangs out. They are very lovely.

One important few thousand feet has as its subject a dog-sled race. Though a dog-sled race turns out to be a very undignified affair performed chiefly on the seat of the trousers, it has many thrilling moments. Rocks and drifts and glaciers are surmounted by superhuman efforts and the cash prize which means so much is won by Strongheart, who is responsible for the victory.

Lillian Rich may be said to co-star with Strongheart. Her chief claim to fame is in her lack of aversion to fresh air, snowdrifts and being pitched into 'em. Skis are as natural to Miss Rich as French heels are to Nita Naldi, and she uses them to better effect.

"The Love Master" brings to light a certain fascinating female known as Lady Jule Von Helmetar. Among newcomers to the screen this season, Lady Jule ranks first so far in the affections of this department. No actress we know possesses a more charmingly wistful smile, more winning eyes, a more graceful body . . . or more slender, shapely legs . . . all four of 'em!

Mary Pickford Gives Advice To Screen-Struck Girls

(*Continued from page* 5)

Now I'll tell you about Mary Pickford and what she said about girls coming to Hollywood to look for a job.

I found Miss Pickford about to play a scene in "Dorothy Vernon." She wore six petticoats, she explained, and tight corsets, with the uncomfortable, long costume of the period. But that wasn't all by any means. She had to carry a candle into a corridor, and this candle must really be an acetylene light, because a common candle or even an ordinary electric light hasn't the right quality demanded in the movies.

She therefore wore an acetylene tank in the back of her skirt, fastened around her waist by stout cords, *and that tank weighed twenty pounds!* It was a good armful merely to lift, but Mary had to go through her scene with it strapped around her waist. The action consisted of running the length of a fifty-foot corridor. And Mary went through the scene, not once, but exactly ten times before it had been satisfactorily done the right number of times for the number of negatives that were needed, and before all the little flaws in the scene had been eliminated.

"I'm really awfully tired," was all Mary said as she sat down to talk to me. I wonder what the ordinary girl would think of doing a stunt like that? Yet here was the most famous star in the business unmurmuringly doing without a moment's hesitation what many a lesser light might have balked at.

"I wouldn't for the world," Mary explained, after the offending load had been removed from her skirt, "discourage the talented girl from making a name for herself. But I would certainly say, along with Bill Nye, in his advice to young men seeking to be clergymen, 'When you think you hear a call to this profession, be sure it isn't some other noise you hear!' Think long thoughts before giving up home and perhaps some good calling to come into this business.

"A girl needs her mother in this business, so any girl coming to Hollywood should bring her mother along if possible. Not so much for a chaperon—that is, not more than in any other business that calls a girl into the world—but for a companion and comforter; because if a girl has a home, even if it's only one room, with her mother, she is going to get the right kind of food and more rest than if she is left to her own devices. And nobody knows better than myself the wonderful comfort of finding food and warmth and, even more, the encouraging, cheerful, loving word of a mother after a hard, discouraging day on the stage or screen.

"As to so-called temptations, there are no fewer and no more in this business than in any other business. A girl can always go wrong if she wants to. The picture world is merely a cross-section of life."

In next week's issue of Movie Weekly Miss Pickford will resume her counsel to screen-struck girls, devoting her attention to the matter of funds, without which no girl should go to Hollywood.

A Villain Must Have A Sense of Humor

(*Continued from page* 13)

"Yes, I believe villainy is a game and, like most games, the fun is not in the winning, but in the striving to win."

We then asked Mr. Perkins all about the Film Guild, than which there is no more interesting movie company in existence. They manage to produce the most interesting photoplays at a minimum of cost. Every picture they have made since the days of "The Cradle Buster" has been voted a popular success.

Mr. Perkins did not have much to say about the Guild's as yet unformed plans for the future. He did hint, however, that Maude Adams might take an active part in their future productions, which piece of startling news will give the most blase movie producer a thrill.

After meeting Mr. Perkins, we might say in closing, from now on we root for the villain in the play.

Mickey—the Matchmaker

(*Continued from page* 12)

pending pre-view of "Flaming Youth" or the pictures that were being made of her as we talked.

She says that she promised John, when they married, that she would leave the screen in five years' time, "because we want to have a family, you know." And maybe she will. Maybe she will. But we saw the aforesaid preview of "Flaming Youth" last night, and it would seem to us to be a pity for the screen to lose Colleen. The picture was most enthusiastically received by the Hollywod critics and members of the profession and it is unquestionable that Colleen has a range of ability far exceeding most of her sisters-in-screen. Her range, *personally*, is Mister John McCormick, but her range professionally would seem to be unlimited.

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Studio News Notes

King Vidor, who is directing Laurette Taylor in her picture, "Happiness," is an old-timer. In fact, he wrote, directed, and starred in the first movie he ever appeared in.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

John Barrymore's film production of Clyde Fitch's famous stage play, "Beau Brummel," originally performed by Richard Mansfield, will soon be ready for release. It seems to be a costume drama that really has a good reason for existence. Mary Astor plays the girl whom circumstance keeps from the famous Beau's arms.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Work is progressing rapidly at Paramount's Long Island studio on Gloria Swanson's film version of Sutro's play, "The Laughing Lady." The title now decided on for the picture is "A Society Scandal." Rod La Rocque and Ricardo Cortez are the leading masculine lights of the production.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

An interesting side-light on our old friend "The Newest Art" is wrapped up in the exhibitors' reaction to the recent production "Lucretia Lombard." That, as you know, was the original title of Kathleen Norris' novel, from which the film was made, but an alternate title of "Flaming Passion" was provided. The theatre men throughout the country were told they might choose whichever title appealed to them. Over ninety per cent seized on "Flaming Passion." And they weren't all in the small towns, either!

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of Leopold Godowsky, famous pianist, will remain in the East for another month, at least, to play a Spanish vamp in "Virtuous Liars," a Whitman Bennett production, to be filmed at Yonkers. Miss Godowsky has abandoned plans for a trip around the world with her family and will devote herself seriously to contesting with Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi, Pola Negri and others for the doubtful distinction of being the screen's wickedest woman.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"I see," said Shirley Mason, "that Tom Mix says Paul Revere, Jesse James, Buffalo Bill and the man who rode Papyrus are the world's foremost horsémen." "Four most what horsemen?" inquired Al St. John, and what could Shirley say?

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Hope Hampton, noted screen star, has decided to quit the bright lights—the studio bright lights, that is—and loaf for a while. In company with some friends she has started on an ocean liner which will take them around the Mediterranean—stopping at all "points of interest."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

....There was a "train wreck" at Universal City, Cal., for the picture called "The Signal Tower." For the "wreck" a real railroad contributed the equipment, but when it came to the idea of having a real collision, the railroad officials balked, so the producers were driven to build a railroad spur into the studio grounds. Then enough equipment for two trains was bought. The locomotives were altered to make the exteriors conform to the latest models, as they had practically to be reduced to scrap iron. Clarence L. Brown, the director, gave orders for the two trains to be set in motion. Then the engineers jumped and the camera recorded the thrilling details.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Joe Martin, the best known of screen apes, has temporarily left the screen and is now the leading Simian attraction of the Al G. Barnes Circus. Joe Martin was in "Merry Go Round," in which he dealt death to the villain. He appears to have lost his good nature since then, so his employers discharged him and were good enough to help him out by getting him a job with the circus. Of course, the Universal people got something like $25,000 from the circus for Joe. Two years ago the ape worked with children in comedies, and was affectionate and well-behaved. Recently, however, he appears to have heard the call of the jungle and is no longer safe when at liberty.

Wait Until You Know Your Own Mind

(*Continued from page* 17)

Armstrong, who was killed in the Universal expedition to South Africa, in a railroad accident, about six years ago. She was deeply devoted to him, and the loss was very terrible to the girl, then little more than a child.

Her whole nature is a very deep and serious one, and Dr. Armstrong was like her own father. Her grief over his death was a constant worry to her mother for a long time. Indeed, it was not until she believed that she had found communication with him from beyond the grave that she was, in a measure, comforted. She invariably received these communications, not at a vulgar seance, but through writings at home. She would hold a pencil, and presently would begin to write. The rapt expression of her face was such a lovely one that it could have served a painter for a model.

She never undertook any step without appealing to her father in this way, and her recent marriage was influenced partly through these communications.

Mabel Normand's Own Story of the Shooting

(*Continued from page* 3)

"Mr. Greer will be given a preliminary hearing shortly, I understand, and if I am able to appear in court at that time, I shall do so. And until such time as the truth comes out in court, I ask not only the censor boards, but also the public, to withhold their judgment of me.

"The law presumes everybody innocent until proved guilty. Why should I not have the benefit of this presumption?"

Miss Normand underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles, and is recovering nicely.

Why Women Don't Like Over-Attentive Men

(*Continued from page* 9)

Mizzi, a spoiled, vain little creature.) The action shows that he is tired of his wife's whims and selfishness and that he wants to break away from her, but he shows this so subtly that it makes the character quite unlike anything that has ever been seen on the screen. Instead of raving and ranting about, he treats his wife with the utmost deference, in fact, the only thing that suggests that he does not care very much for her is the fact that his courtesy is too pronounced, too icy, and not the usual informal camaraderie that is found between happily married couples.

Monte Blue, too, takes on the characteristics of a continental in his role of the happily married husband Mizzi is enamored of. It is his very politeness in not wanting to be discourteous to the silly little flirt who tries so hard to win him from his w[illegible] that leads him into difficulties.

Ernst Lubitsch himself is the perfect type of continental gentleman. Even in directing—and that is certainly where a man proves or disproves his manners—he never forgot his innate fineness of spirit and even his scoldings—and you know every director scolds at one time or another—were administered with such utter considerateness that we loved him for it.

The Silent Drama Begins to Talk

(*Continued from page* 8)

"my ambition ran more towards the stage. And then Jerome Storm, who was directing Lillian Gish, came over to the school looking for a girl who resembled Lillian—her general type, I mean—and gave me my first job. I used to understudy Miss Gish in rehearsals; I would go through her part with the other members of the company while the director was showing them how he wanted the scene done. Miss Gish never needed rehearsals; she always knew just how she wanted to play her scene and just going through it once with the rest of the cast was all the rehearsal she needed.

"It was a wonderful opportunity for me and I learned a lot about playing in pictures. The director would give me instructions just like the rest and I felt almost as if the part were my own. At least, I got as much experience out of it as if I really played the role.

"Since then, however, I've had to take my chances along with other girls who want screen work. Now that I've had a taste of it, I love it. I go around to all the agencies trying to get roles, but fortunately I live with my family and at least I don't have the struggle of having to live on what I earn. But eventually I hope to attain the success I'm after."

And eventually, we hope, she will!

The Trail I Struck to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 26)

"What is it, Margery?" he asked, as if my telling him would enable him to smooth it all out. As his words flashed through my mind, I knew I could not explain all of the shadows that had happened to bring this moment into my life . . . this moment which might spoil forever the wonderful dreams I had been spinning. My silence was broken by Jimmy Mulligan.

"I'll tell you, Mr.—Mr. Barrow——"

"Jimmy!" I cried, dropping the receiver in my alarm.

"It ought to be told, Margery," he said. Then he turned to the great producer. "You see, this fellow at the door is the cad who made Margery leave her home town because——"

I did not hear another word, for John Barrow's eyes had suddenly turned upon me. They seemed to be piercing me through and through, seeking an explanation of the tense, bewildering drama he was witnessing. Never before had I seen such a strange expression in them . . . an expression that was glazed and hard, as if his soul had suddenly frozen inside of him.

I think I would have fainted on the spot if a sharp knock had not sounded against the door. My mother, in a trance until this moment, moved to the door, turned the knob and, half-opening it, demanded who was there, while the three of us looked on, speechless.

"It's Eddie Marsden," came the answer.

There was a sudden, swift movement from behind me. Through closing eyes I saw Jimmy Mulligan sweeping towards that half-open door.

Has Margery, in her unsuspecting innocence, created an inescapable situation for herself? Which of the three men concerned so vitally in her affairs will succeed in his desires? Continue this fascinating true-life story in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

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The Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress

(*Continued from page 23*)

"Yes, yes," came Isabel's quavering voice in a very panic of fear. "I apologize—I'm sorry."

She collapsed at his feet, weeping hysterically. Her husband stood looking down at her with a curious expression on his face. He did not attempt to comfort her or to lift her to her feet.

He turned and without another word to anybody, walked out of the place. The little group that was left looked at each other with inquiring, rather sheepish looks. Somebody got smelling salts for Isabel. Hazel came over to me and we found a studio car to take us home. On the way in she told me all about it.

"You see, just as we were driving out of the gate, Barty came running and said Mr. Dexter wanted Billie to bring in some plans of something we are to make in San Diego," said Hazel. "So we turned back and Billie went down to the art department to get them. While he was gone, I happened to notice I didn't have my bag. I remembered I had left it on the dresser in that boudoir set on Stage 4. I had gone in there to put on some more make-up while we were making the balcony scene. While I was in there looking for the bag, who should sneak in behind me but De Saulles. He must have seen me running across the lot and followed me.

"He came up and took hold of my wrist. I don't know what he was going to say or do for, thank goodness, just at that minute Billie came in. Barty had told him where I had gone, so he had come down to help me look for my bag. De Saulles dropped my wrist and made some remark. He went out, closing the door behind him. I found the bag under the pillows on the couch where I had put it. Billie and I went to the door to go out—and it was locked! De Saulles must have sprung the catch on purpose. We called and called and hammered on the doors, but no one heard us. We kept it up for about an hour. Finally Billie said I might as well take a nap and he would listen for the watchman. So I did and the first thing I knew there was that light and all those people!"

In a flash I saw the whole thing. De Saulles had told Isabel that he saw Billie and Hazel go into Stage 4. It was the very trap Isabel had been looking for. Perhaps De Saulles was in her confidence and the whole thing was a frame-up. Whether he had done it for revenge on Hazel or to gain favor with Isabel, De Saulles had certainly created a very unpleasant situation for all concerned. There was no telling what his next move would be.

Has De Saulles succeeded in his intention of destroying Hazel's good name? Has his passion for her really cooled, or has his ardor only increased with thwarting and separation? Will Billie and Isabel ever reach an understanding? Read next week's Movie Weekly.

Studio News Notes

Charles Ray is going to make his pictures in the East from now on, he announces. That makes another spoke in the wheel of the legion of ballyhooers for the East Coast!

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Barbara La Marr's first starring vehicle will be "The White Moth," to be produced under the direction of Maurice Tourneur, it is announced. Work on it will not start for a few weeks.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Colleen Moore made such a bang-up loud noise with her flapping in "Flaming Youth" that her next is going to be something along much the same general lines, called "The Perfect Flapper." The title must have come from some reviewers' appreciation of Colleen herself.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

June Mathis, who wrote the scenario for "Ben Hur," is an avid collector of Bibles. She has a collection of 50, some of which are of high value.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Maude Adams, world-famous actress and creato rof "Peter Pan," has signed up with Guild Pictures. She will produce under their banner "Aladdin," which is to be taken by the new color process she has been at work perfecting at the General Electric laboratories at Schenectady the past few months. This t.e-up with the Guild does not interfere with her plans to take a colored version of Kipling's "Kim."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Ramon Novarro, famous star of "Scaramouche," is in Paris with Rex Ingram on a "pleasure-before-business" trip. Director and player plan, when Paris begins to pall, to go to Tunis, in Algiers, there to film the African scenes in the next Ingram-Novarro opus. Sounds like more "sheik" stuff!

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Life in the movies isn't all beer and skittles. More modern amusements have their vogue, too. Tennis, for instance. Now that Laurette Taylor, star of "Peg o' My Heart," and her husband, J. Hartley Manners, the playwright, are back in Hollywood, working on Laurette's forthcoming screen production of Friend Husband's story, "Happiness," an old war has been renewed. It seems Miss Taylor, Mr. Manners and King Vidor, who is directing the picture, each freely admits to being the best racquet wielder of the trio. But no unanimous opinion has yet been reached, nor, most likely, ever will be.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Barbara La Marr tells this one. It seems she was accosted on Hollywood Boulevard the other day by a small and ragged urchin with this plea. "Please, lady, gimme a quarter? I wanta join me family!" Miss La Marr, reaching into her purse, somewhat mystified, asked: "Your family? Why, where are they?" And the answer came back, "At de movies!"

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Vincente Blasco Ibanez, author of the famous war novel, "The Four Horsemen," "Blood and Sand," and books and stories too numerous to mention, has written his first original story for the screen. It's called "Circe" and Mae Murray will star in it under the Metro banner. Circe, you remember, was the mythological character who turned men into pigs . . . literally.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Lou Tellegen, ex-leading man of Sarah Bernhardt, and, more recently, ex-husband of Geraldine Farrar, is star of "Let No Man Put Asunder," a soon-to-be-released movie of divorce. Pauline Frederick is his leading lady and the scenario was fabricated from Basil King's well-known novel. J. Stuart Blackton, the producer, is taking no chances with his dangerous theme. He put the matter in the hands of experts, so to speak.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Ganna Walska, the diva wife of Harold McCormick, the millionaire harvester man, is going to be a movie star. She says so herself. Details of the big move are not yet forthcoming, but her entrance into filmdom should be easy. She almost made a concert tour of the United States last year, but the horrid musical critics were so unkind she stopped short. Movie reviewers have nicer dispositions, she thinks . . . and hopes.

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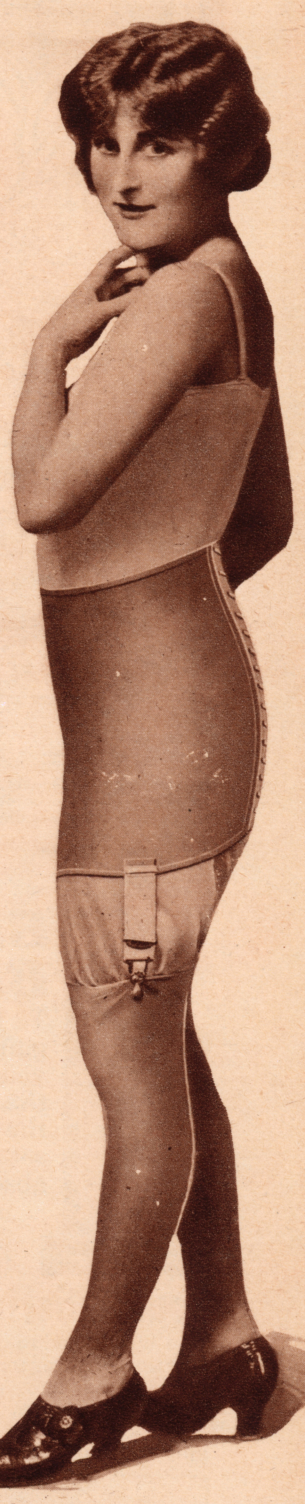

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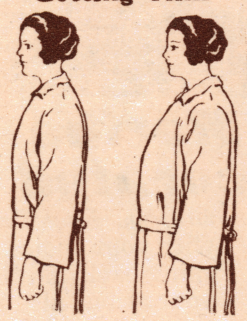

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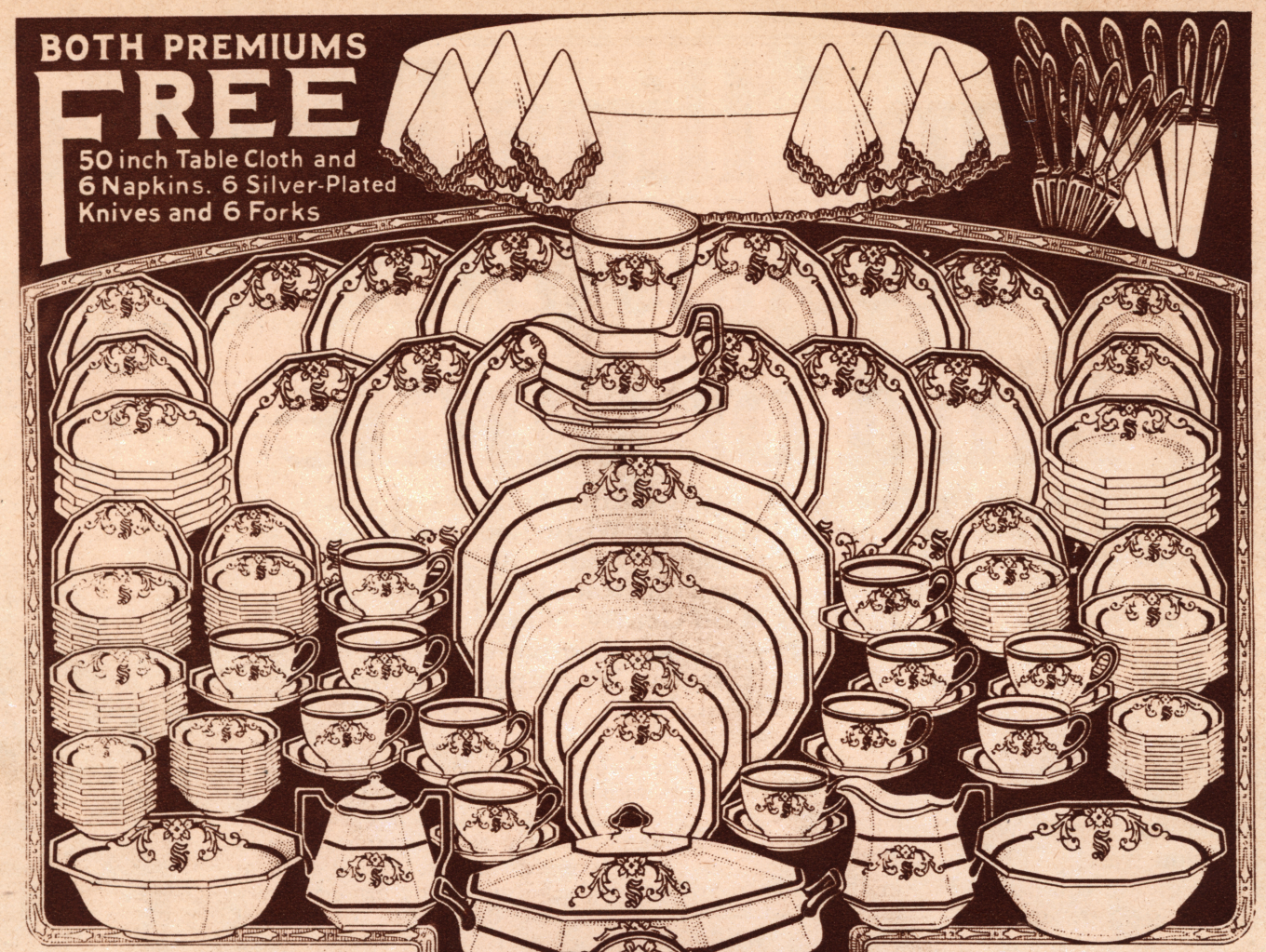

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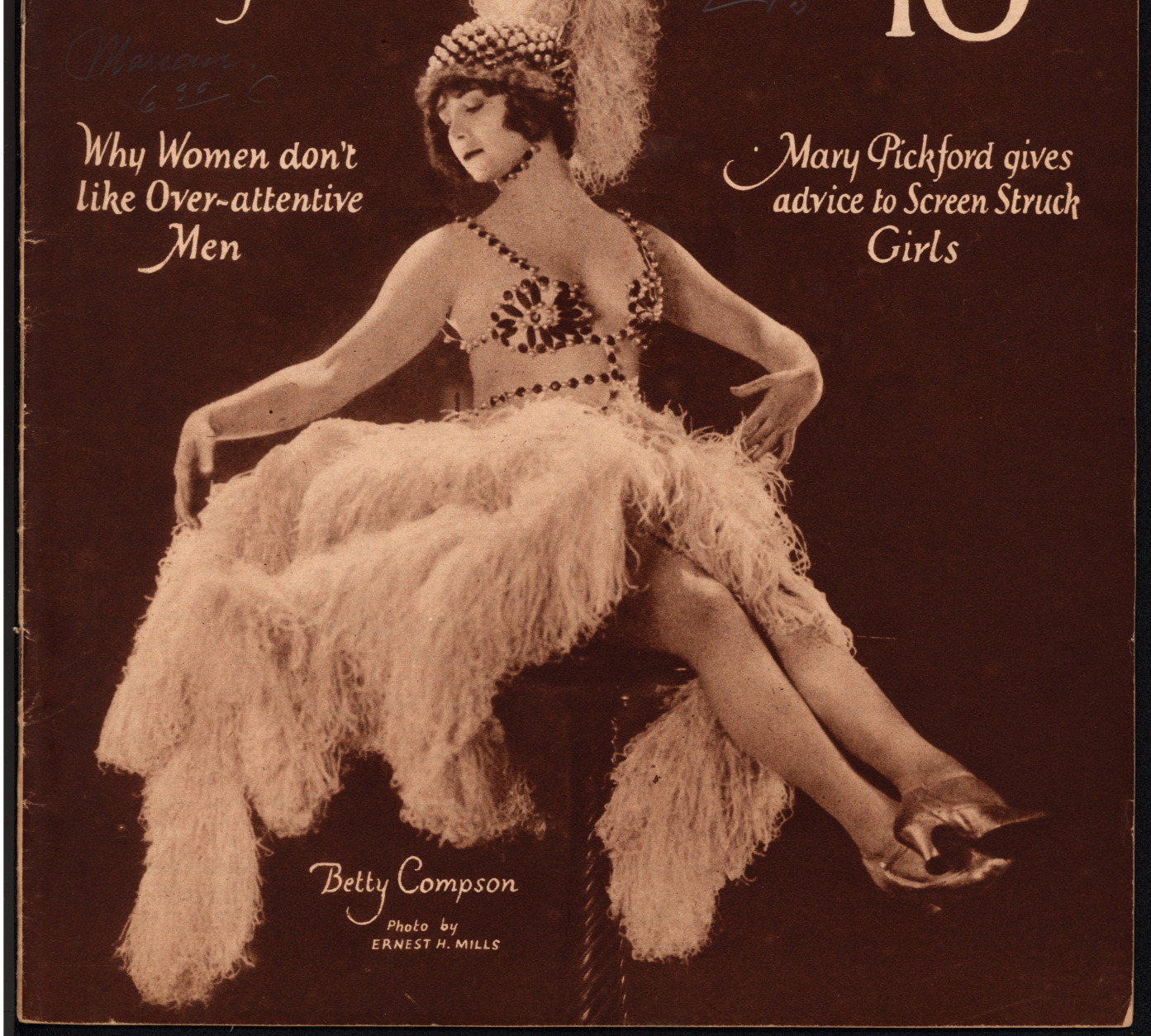

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